

SABBATH
HALTINGS.



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4th Hymns



SABBATH HALTINGS IN LIFE'S
WILDERNESS.



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SABBATH HALTINGS IN
LIFE'S WILDERNESS;

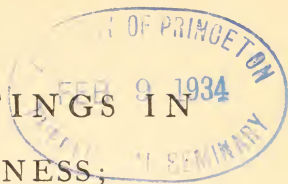
OR, SACRED POEMS FOR EVERY
SUNDAY IN THE
YEAR.

✓✓
BY H. OUTIS.




LONDON:
SAMPSON LOW, SON, AND CO.
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1860.





DEDICATION.

O the only friend who has been cognizant of his labours the Author would affectionately dedicate this volume, which, whatever its merits, has been much improved by his suggestions.

Should the approval of the public ratify the commendatory criticisms of that friend, the Author will no longer deny himself the high gratification and pride of associating with his own a name which for twenty years has prompted every feeling of esteem and love.



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INTRODUCTION.

A LITTLE volume like the present would require no Introduction were it not to anticipate and remove an objection with which, it is only too obvious, it will have to contend.

There are few persons to whom it will not occur that I am venturing upon ground not only preoccupied, but most successfully maintained, by the Author of the "Christian Year;" and that I must therefore expect to be challenged at the threshold with the inquiry, whether I am an imitator, or a rival, or possibly an intruder. Now I hope that a few words in explanation of my views will show that I have not been guilty of sufficient temerity to be obnoxious to the charge of being either.

A glance at almost any of the following lyrics will be sufficient to show that I am not an imitator, either in design or execution. It is true that I have written a sacred poem for every Sunday in the year; and that the subject has

been suggested by the services in the Book of Common Prayer for that particular Sunday; as is generally the case in the admirable volume referred to: nay, it is even true (*væ mihi!*) that I have been irresistibly led, in some few instances, to attempt to illustrate the same subject as the author of that volume; yet would I affirm—however disparaging to myself the avowal may be—that nothing can exemplify the distinct originality of the present work more forcibly than a perusal (I deprecate a comparison) of any two poems on the same text: so great, so marvellous, is the diversity of human minds!

If I have occasionally fallen into the same train of thought, which, of course, I have prudently avoided as much as possible, it may be accounted for, not only by a certain similarity of the general plan, but by the circumstances that for many years the poem for the day in the “*Christian Year*” has formed a portion of my appointed reading. Such coincidences, however, are extremely rare; for it is one of the characteristics of the great source from which we have both drawn, that its precious truths present new and ever-varying beauties, according to the aspect in which they are viewed.

The two works manifest an essential difference in the design of their respective writers; for while the author of the “*Christian Year*” has

devoted himself to one particular object, that of presenting “ a sober standard of feeling in matters of practical religion,” and has toned down his colours into a monochrome harmony, if I may be allowed the expression, to promote that object, and to exhibit “ the *soothing* tendency of the Prayer Book ;” it has been my chief aim to arouse and excite the mind to a more comprehensive and practical view of its own duties and destinies, as unfolded Sunday after Sunday, with equal variety and beauty, in the services of the Church of England. I have taken my starting-point from those services, as having, amongst other irresistible recommendations, that of being always specially adapted to the seasons both of the sacred and civil year ; but I have attempted a range as ample and discursive as Christianity itself ; which, I have endeavoured to show, embraces, in its manifold relations to our moral and intellectual faculties, all

“ The bright things of earth and air,”

and all the mysteries and glories of the spiritual world. Taking my key-note from the Church of England, I have addressed my song to the whole Church of Christ, without any restriction, national or otherwise.

Our Heavenly Father has mercifully appointed Sabbath haltings for us all in our journeyings

through life's wilderness; and I have availed myself of these seasons of rest to attempt such themes in verse as will afford refreshment and encouragement to my fellow-pilgrims when called upon to resume their sandals. If I have succeeded, though but imperfectly, in my endeavours, I trust that I shall not be deemed an intruder into a field of labour which will be found to be wholly inexhaustible, and the treasures of which no person, however gifted, can exclusively appropriate.

Were any reply necessary to the challenge of rivalry with the illustrious poet of the "Christian Year," I would say that the humblest companionship with the class to which he belongs is the highest honour to which my ambition would aspire :—

Quod si me *lyricis vatibus* inferis, .
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.





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THE FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

THE night is far spent, the day is at hand ; therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light.—*Rom. XIII. 12.*

I.

HIST, hift, to the trumpet-clang
pealing afar,
Jehovah, triumphant, returns from
the war ;

The fheen of His chariot-wheels gleams through
the fky,

And the mountain-tops glow as the morning
draws nigh :

The night is far spent, and the day is at hand,
When before their dread Judge quick and dead
fhall both ftand.

II.

Hafte, hafte ye to meet Him, from flumber
awake,

Aroufe, and the ftrong withs of indolence break ;

Too long hath thy spirit to earth been confined,
And the gross works of darkness o'ershadow'd
thy mind :

Oh, cast them away, don the armour of light,
And stand forth complete in the Conqueror's
might.

III.

Ay, blush for thine arms, scarce a dint do they
bear ;

Sure thou hast but used them in beating the air !*

True, passion hath dimm'd them, and stain'd,
too, hath lust,

And sloth hath dishonour'd their temper with
rust ;

But no bruise, and no sweat of the struggle they
show,

No wrench of the wrestler, no blood of the foe.

IV.

Where, where are thy captives, thy trophies,
thy spoils,

The meed of thy vigils, thy conflicts, thy toils ;

The proofs that the world was o'ermafter'd and
left,

Its pursuits and opinions of potency rest ;

* So fight I, not as one that beateth the air.

1 Cor. IX. 26.

That the flesh was subdued, its affections and
pride,
And that hell's fiery darts have leap'd back from
thy side ?

V.

Rise, dash off that tear, and rush into the field,
The foe lingers yet all unwilling to yield ;
The bright orb of faith may its radiance repair,
The sword of the spirit is sharpen'd by prayer ;
Thy Lord's precious blood for the past will
atone :

Oh, show that the foes of that Lord are thine
own.

VI.

Then arise, cast away the dark vestments of night,
And clothe thy braced limbs in the armour of
light ;
That, array'd in His robes, thou His triumph
mayst share
Whose hosts even now seem to brighten the air :
For the night is far spent, and the day is at hand,
When before their dread Judge quick and dead
shall both stand.

THE SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

WHATSOEVER things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the scriptures might have hope.—*Rom. xv. 4.*

AND there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth: for the powers of heaven shall be shaken. And then shall they see the Son of man coming in a cloud with power and great glory. And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh.—*St. Luke XXI. 25-8.*

I.



OH, if there be one gift of heaven
For which our praise should deeper
flow,
One guide to erring mortals given,
One antidote to human woe;
It is the scriptures—book of love!
The charter of our rest above!

II.

Dear chronicle ! thy pictured page,
Crowded with patriarchs, prophets, kings,
Collects the spoils of every age,
And all to meek-eyed Patience brings ;
Bidding her con, recorded there,
The widow's wail, the monarch's prayer.

III.

Nor, as their course these pilgrims wind,
Dost thou *their* track alone display ;
My Saviour's footprints, too, I find,
His glory lingering on the way :
Lamp of my feet ! my only light,
Through pathway lorn, in dreary night !

IV.

Him chiefest dost thou love to paint,
Whose lips once spake as ne'er man spoke ;
Who never murmur'd a complaint,
Though press'd to earth by sorrow's yoke.
Heaven-colour'd portraiture divine,
I would transcribe thy every line !

V.

But whence the patience thou dost teach,
The comfort thy sweet words afford ;
Which could these toiling pilgrims reach,
And e'en support their dying Lord ?—

'Tis that thou show'st redemption seal'd ;
A glory yet to be reveal'd !

VI.

Yes, through life's long and darksome night
Thy steady radiance gleams afar ;
'Mid many a false and fleeting light,
The only fix'd—the polar star ;
Guiding, and pointing to the sun,
When most our fight he's fain to shun.

VII.

When highest seem affliction's waves,
And keenest disappointment's blast,
Thou show'st us that these swelling graves
Of perish'd hopes will soon be pass'd ;
And that beyond there lies a shore
Where winds and waves shall rage no more.

VIII.

Nay, when above red meteors scowl,
And shaken are the powers of heaven ;
When the sea roars, and tempests howl,
And with dismay men's hearts are riven ;
And sun and moon, no longer bright,
Glare only with portentous light ;—

IX.

When, weary of the slow decay
Which into all that's human winds,

Impatient hands shall rend away
Whate'er the social fabric binds ;
And, public faith and laws o'erthrown,
Stern selfishness shall reign alone ;—

X.

When nations, frantic with distress,
See meekest hearts most wrong'd and vex'd ;
And governments yield no redress,
But wisest heads are most perplex'd ;
And loyalty, and love, and mirth,
Have plumed their wings to fly from earth :—

XI.

Then dost thou bid us lift the head,
For our redemption draweth nigh ;
The lightnings, which we so much dread,
But clear the air, and calm the sky :
The falling fig doth but attest
The luscious ripeness of the rest.

XII.

The anarchy which earth involves,
And lays all human systems bare,
In primal elements resolves,
Only for reconstruction fair ;
By Him whose kingdom ne'er shall end
Till earth and heaven together blend

XIII.

No more by fierce oppression built,
No more on covetousness based,
Shall frown the piles of power and guilt,
With pride's untemper'd mortar faced ;
But one vast temple earth and sky,
Compact in love and sympathy !

XIV.

These are the visions, book divine !
Which gild with hope thy radiant page ;
While each imperishable line
Shines brighter still from age to age :—
Then, treasured volume, ever rest
Within the casket of my breast !*

* This last line will suggest the custom of Alexander the Great of carrying the *Iliad* about with him, in a casket, and placing it under his pillow ; as related by Plutarch in *Vit. Alex. M. s. 8.*



THE THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

JUDGE nothing before the time, until the Lord come, who both will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts.

1 Cor. IV. 5.

I.



HEREFORE so harshly of thy
brother deem?

Dost thou his trials, his tempta-
tions know;

The hidden springs which feed his life's dark
stream;

His secret conflicts with a viewless foe?

II.

Perhaps thou scarce hast heard his slighted name,
And yet thou wouldst repeat that name with
scorn;

Or, be it that it wear the taint of shame,
Too justly earn'd, but too retentive worn:—

III.

Oh, may not tears, such as, in tepid showers,
A Saviour's feet did once, accepted, lave,

Long since have wash'd, from brighter eyes
than ours,
That stain thou scarce wouldst hide within
the grave?

IV.

Or say, perchance, his soul, enchain'd to earth,
E'en now her crimes nor shuns, nor seeks to
hide ;
Heedless of higher hopes, and heavenly birth:—
It was for such as he thy Saviour died !

V.

Then weep, but scorn him not ; e'en stains of
blood
Have been effaced by votaries' frequent kiss ;
Thou mayst restore that wandering soul to God,
With thee to shine—a satellite in bliss.

VI.

Ah, many an erring, heedless, earth-spoilt child,
That, lingering, loves on ruin's brink to play,
Needs but some sister-spirit's whisper mild,
To beckon it to purer joys away.

VII.

And many a loving spirit, too, too frail,
Still clings to earth for lack of some support ;
As unpropt vines will their luxuriance trail,
Wasteful, and wild, of wanton winds the
sport.

VIII.

But thou stand'st mute, and all unhelping, by,
Perhaps censorious ;—oh, beware lest He,
Who sees no sparrow's fall with unmoved eye,
“ Where is thy brother ? ” shall demand of
thee.

IX.

Haste then, self-constituted judge, descend,
Nor longer dare usurp His awful seat,
Who all disguise from human hearts shall rend,
And give to humble worth its guerdon meet.

X.

Ah, then yon trembling, but heaven-pointing,
foul,
Whom thou esteem'st a frail, wind-shaken
reed,
Shall stand, 'mid falling worlds, erect and whole,
When those who show least mercy most shall
need.

XI.

'Tis not profession's purple robe so fair,
The garment soft which wins the world's
esteem,
Shall hide the cold, unloving bosom, *there*,
Though *here* its selfish pride may virtue seem.

XII.

For *here* such flourish ; while, their shade beneath,
Struggle, uncherish'd by one look benign,

Hearts, fresh as dew-drops on the untrod heath,
And rich as rubies in the unfaun'd mine.

XIII.

But wait awhile ; the Lord with trumpet sound
The hidden things of darkness shall reveal :
No tinsel 'mongst His jewels will be found,
When on the casket He shall set His seal.



THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

REJOICE in the Lord alway; and again I say, Rejoice. Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand.—*Phil.* iv. 4, 5.

I.



THOUGH long is the race, and though
rough is the ground,
And the fetters of flesh still upon
us are hung;
Though the shadows of evening are length'ning
around,
And the goal is unreach'd, and our nerves
are unstrung;
Yet the Christian sinks not 'neath his burden
of care,
For his Lord is at hand, his faint strength to
repair.

II.

Though sparkles life's chalice with love and
with bliss,
And the ardour of youth adds its own ge-
nerous glow;

Though richer than even the surface we kiss,
Fond hope still imagines some pearl hid below ;
Yet the Christian that chalice, undrain'd, can
 reign,
For his Lord is at hand, with a cup more divine.

III.

Though all that is beautiful fadeth away,
Nor lingers youth's loveliness, freshness, or
 bloom ;
Though hope's bright illusions dissolve day by
 day,
And unfulfill'd purposes crowd tow'ards the
 tomb ;
Yet the Christian can sit on life's ruins and
 smile,
For his Lord is at hand, to rebuild the fair pile.

IV.

Though closes the grave o'er the one he loved
 best,
The desire of his heart, the delight of his eyes ;
And the lorn, widow'd spirit in vain seeks for
 rest,
For the deluge of grief sweeps o'er all 'neath
 the skies ;
Yet the Christian, though weeping, blends hope
 with his pain,
For his Lord is at hand, to unite them again.

v.

In joy and in sorrow, in toil and at rest,
Be gladfome, or gloomy, the path where we
 roam ;
No passionate transport can ruffle *his* breast,
Who knows that each step bears him nearer
 his home :
Then well may the Christian “ rejoice ever-
 more,”
For his Lord is at hand, who shall all things
 restore.



CHRISTMAS-DAY.

SUDDENLY there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.—*St. Luke* II. 13, 14.

ALMIGHTY God, who hast given us Thy only-begotten Son to take our nature upon Him, and as at this time to be born of a pure virgin; grant that we being regenerate, and made Thy children by adoption and grace, may daily be renewed by Thy Holy Spirit.—*Collect for Christmas-day.*

I.



HUSH'D was the sound of war,
The long vex'd earth had rest,
Save that the city's hum afar
Rose like the breathings of a child distressed,
That sobs itself to sleep upon its mother's breast.

II.

Softly the moon look'd down,
As pitying mortals frail;
On Olive's glistening summit shone,
With holy Jordan communed in the vale,
And o'er the Dead Sea hung, to view her image
pale;

III.

Sleep wrapt the weary world,
Save where, in studious mood,
The sage his mystic scroll unfurl'd,
Or on lone tower the seer star-watching stood,
Or shepherds with light song their drowsiness
subdued.

IV.

Suddenly, angel-strains
Peal'd through the midnight sky ;
And, lighting soft on Judah's plains,
A choir of radiant minstrels from on high,
With light and music fill'd Heaven's purple
canopy !

V.

“ Glory to God on high ! ”
Sweetly the lay began ;
Then, as the echoes found reply,
It rose, till “ Peace on earth, good will to man,”
In one seraphic swell, along the mountains ran.

VI.

“ Good tidings of great joy,
Shepherds, to you we bring ;
Let holier themes your songs employ ;
This day is born a Saviour and a King ;
Arise, to Bethlehem haste, Hosannas there to
sing.”

VII.

“ Glory to God on High ! ”
 Once more burst forth the strain,
 As 'twould dissolve the echoing sky ;
 One blaze of starlike glory fill'd the plain,
 And then the squadron bright to Heaven re-
 turn'd again.

VIII.

Messiah shone reveal'd
 On scroll but erst so dim ;
 Chaldæa's seer, with eyes unseal'd,
 Beheld the new-lit star of Bethlehem ;
 The shepherds hail'd the babe adored by Sera-
 phim.

IX.

Glory to God on high !
 We too may learn the lay :
 When every star shall quit the sky,
 And, like a shrivell'd scroll, heaven pass away,
 Thou, Lord, shalt but commence Thy never-
 ending sway !

X.

Immortal Prince of peace !
 Vouchsafe this boon divine ;—
 “ When Thou shalt reign in righteousness,
 Oh, grant that we, whose nature Thou mad'st
 Thine,
 Regenerate, and renew'd, may in Thine image
 shine ! ”

THE LAST SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.

MINE age is departed, and is removed from me as a shepherd's tent.—*Isaiah* XXXVIII. 12.

I.



HE sounding pinions of the parting
year,
Just plumed to take irrevocable
flight,

Bade memory her slumbering powers bestir,
Her tablet to review, ere snatch'd from sight.

II.

Alas, what opportunities of good,
By me neglected, though in mercy given,
There, shaking off their dust, before me stood,
Sad witnesses, but true, 'twixt me and heaven!

III.

And oh, what broken resolutions, there,
Reveal'd themselves to Memory's waking
glimpse ;
Foul serpent shapes added to features fair,
Like angels half transform'd to mockingimps !

IV.

What flighted conscience-whispers, heard no
more ;

E'en by their very silence, then appall'd ;
What pure and childlike feelings, fresh before,
Then first were mis'd, but might not be
recall'd !

V.

What warm affections, there, lay dwarf'd and
chill'd ;

What gentle sympathies for ever flown ;
What kindly plans abandon'd unfulfill'd ;
What noble aspirations now unknown !

VI.

“ Give me, departing Time, thy scroll,” I cried,
“ And let contrition's tears efface the past.”
“ Alas ! that may not be,” the voice replied,
“ Time's records through eternity must last ;

VII.

“ The deep-dyed stain for ever must endure,
For aught contrition's tears avail t'efface ;
But there is One whose blood, refined and pure,
Sprinkled by faith, can cleanse the foul dis-
grace :

VIII.

“ And those few lines of worth, so lightly traced,
Shall be burn'd in by His approving smile ;

Thy slender merits by His own replaced,
Thyself receiving the reward the while."

IX.

While speaking thus, Time fix'd the Nortian
nail : *

Weeping, I turn'd me towards the wall, and
prayed,—

" Lord, for the past, oh, let Thy blood avail ;
And for the future, grant Thy Spirit's aid ! "

X.

So shall the lengthening shadow backward fly ;
So shall my days to come more brightly shine ;
So, be it here, or 'neath a brighter sky,
The glory I reflect shall all be thine.

* The Romans recorded the progress of time by fixing a nail, on the first day of the new year, in the temple of the Etruscan goddess Nortia.




THE FIRST SUNDAY IN THE YEAR.

GRANT us the true circumcision of the spirit; that our hearts being mortified from all worldly and carnal lusts, we may in all things obey Thy blessed will.

Collect for the Circumcision of Christ.

I.

ELCOME, new year! what weal,
or woe,
Thou bring'st to me, I may not know,
Nor seek I to divine:
It is enough thou com'st from Him,
Whose eye the future cannot dim,
Whose ear is ever mine.

II.

What, if behind thy scarce-fledged wing
Death points the shaft from viewless string,
Destined at me to fly!
Or one that bears Heaven's high behest
To strike some loved-one's shieldless breast,
Dear as my own right eye!

III.

God's will be done, so He impart,
With thy new era a new heart,
New feelings, new desires ;
A soul renew'd, which tow'rd the skies,
In all its hopes and sympathies,
Continually aspires.

IV.

With the old year be put away
Whatever favours of decay,
Or we could wish to die ;
All selfish aims, all worldly lusts,
All that defiles, and all that rusts,
And all that shuns Heaven's eye.

V.

With vain regret we need not sigh
For hours and feelings long gone by,
Which Time may not renew ;
When first a beauteous, untried world,
Its unsuspected charms unfurl'd,
To childhood's longing view :

VI.

When the sun, sinking in the skies,
Anon more gloriously to rise,
Was all we knew of death ;

And the oblivion of the tomb,
Was as when flowers had lost their bloom,
But still retain'd their breath.*

VII.

When the limb-waving, darksome wood,
The booming sea, or rushing flood,
Our infant minds could awe ;
And the bright rainbow, as it beam'd,
To us an angel-ladder seem'd,
Such as the patriarch saw :

VIII.

Or when in youth's first conscious might,
The immortal, and the infinite,
Expanded to our view ;
And o'er deep thoughts the heart would brood,
And long for whatsoe'er seem'd good,
And beautiful, and true :

IX.

When high resolves, and hopes of fame,
And feelings which have *here* no name,
And friendships pure and deep ;
And love's first whisperings, too, too sweet,
And rapt devotion's kindling heat,
First broke the spirit's sleep :—

* I allude with pleasure to two very beautiful images which occur in Dr. Watts's poems for children.

X.

All hopelessly we need not sigh,
When sweep o'er manhood's memory
The thoughts of days long past,
If, mindful of our second birth,
Tow'ards the new heavens and the new earth
Our wistful view we cast.

XI.

For *there* the young heart's richest wine—
All feelings which are most divine—
Shall gush forth fresh and new ;
And we, like little children, there,
Shall with our heavenly Father share
The bright, and good, and true.

XII.

Like the young eagle, bathed in dew,
The spirit shall her strength renew,
And taste of death no more ;
No more shall droop her seraph-wing,
But ever a new song shall sing,
And ever higher soar.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

WHEN they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.—*St. Matt. II. 10.*

I.



O H, who that feels the sacred fire
Which burns within the Christian's
breast,
But fain would bid the flame aspire,
Till the whole earth be warm'd and blest ;
Till from each land, and tongue, and clime,
In mingled fragrance shall arise,—
Like the last pyre, intense, sublime,—
One universal sacrifice !

II.

Could we, with eyes that know not sleep,
Stand by the angel in the sun,
While round its axle once should sweep
The earth, and they that dwell thereon ;
How should we start with horror back
From one day's cruelty and wrong,
As dungeon, scaffold, scourge, and rack,
In sickening terror swept along !

III.

Ah, yes, the whole creation groans ;
Upon oppression's wide domain
The sun ne'er sets, but ceaseless moans
The sigh of sleepless woe and pain :
And shall it be that ever thus,
Unheard, the voice of blood shall rise,
Mute creatures toil and bleed for us,
And man o'er man so tyrannize !

IV.

Oh, no ; another day-spring soon
With brighter hopes shall gild the scene ;
Truth glorious shine as cloudless noon,
And love as summer eve serene :
Already gleams, although afar,
And " scarce more gross"* than earthly gem,
The world-wide long'd for morning-star,
The herald-star of Bethlehem.

V.

Until the dawn thus harbinger'd
Unfolds to our expectant eyes,
Be day and night the prayer preferr'd,
And morn and eve the sacrifice ;

* The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles.

King Lear, Act IV. Sc. 6.

Nor deem our heavenly Father sleeps,
Or cease His chariot-wheels to run ;—
Only o'er earth the shadow creeps ;
The darknefs cannot reach the fun.

VI.

Soon fhall that fun this cold earth warm,
Which false opinion's mifts enthral,
And fuperftition's giant form,
Like Dagon, at the threshold fall :
Right fhall not fear oppreffion's fowl,
Nor worth to power forced homage pay ;
But many-featured errors foul
Shall flee, like ghofts, that break of day.



SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

AND the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee; and the mother of Jesus was there: and both Jesus was called, and his disciples, to the marriage.

St. John II. 1, 2.

I.



H for a Guido's magic hand,
Which life and smiles o'er canvass
strew'd,

To limn the holy nuptial band,
That erst in Cana's hamlet rude,
Beheld the miracle divine,
Transmuting water into wine.

II.

See round that lowly board reclined,
Unconscious of their glorious fate,
The "little flock" by Heav'n design'd
A lost world to regenerate;
Its turbid lifesprings to refine,
And change its waters into wine.

III.

See, too, the holy mother there,
Watching, with triumph unconfess'd,
Beam from those features, sad but fair,
She oft in childhood had caress'd,
That glance, resistless as benign,
Which kindled water into wine.

IV.

How mean the pomp, how vain the vaunt,
Of kingly dome, or priestly fane,
Compared with that pretenceless haunt,
That poor, but heav'nly-honour'd train,
And that meek guest, whose power divine
Earth's simplest waters flush'd to wine !

V.

Ah thus, though humble be our lot,
Though mean our name, and poor our fare ;
If He who brighten'd Cana's cot
Partake the burden of our care ;—
If faith with poverty combine,
Soon will the water turn to wine.

VI.

And, oh, if in those happier hours
Which e'en the weariest pilgrim knows,
Christ be invited to our bowers
To share our joys as well as woes,—

The springs which now but sparkling shine
Shall redden into heavenly wine.

VII.

But earth has yet a purer stream
Than waters of affliction meek ;
Tears of repentance brighter beam,
And softer make the tepid cheek :
These tears, illumed by love divine,
Are pledges of celestial wine.

VIII.

Symbols divine ! instructed whence,
The church delights the change to trace
From pure baptismal innocence,
To glowing eucharistic grace.
Foretaste, and earnest—be it mine !
Of heaven's immortal nuptial wine !



THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

AND I say unto you, That many shall come from the East and West, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven.

St. Matt. VIII. 11.

I.



H, who does not thrill with emotions
of joy,
As fall on his ear from some far
distant clime,
The accents which souls when impassion'd employ,
If his heart with those accents in sympathy
chime !
Should they take the rich tones of the bright,
pictured East,
Too oft, alas, drown'd by the clashing of
swords,
If humanity's voice, though constrain'd, have
not ceased,
More sweet than the song of the bulbul her
words !

II.

Should they hymn the wild notes of the sea-
fever'd West,
Whose forests no track but the lightnings
have known,—
Wherever, dear Nature, thy power is confest,
The language thou speak'st we adopt as our
own :
Variety gives to the concert its sweetness,
And distance itself has a hallowing pow'r ;
As Time gives a tenderness, beauty, and meet-
ness,
We seek for in vain in the rude present hour.

III.

Oh, say, then, what raptures of pleasure
await,
In the “ great congregation,” the souls of
the blest,
Who, meeting no more to be sever'd by fate,
Sit down at heaven's banquet from East and
from West :
There gather around them the mighty of eld,
The founders of nations that knew but one
tongue ;
Whose thoughtful brows throb'd, and whose
loving hearts swell'd,
With youthful emotions when Time too was
young:—

IV.

He who talk'd with his Maker at evening's
cool hour,
And watch'd the sun set on a sin-stainless
world ;
He who walk'd with his God, till, transform'd
by His power,
He could smile at death's dart when in im-
potence hurl'd ;
He who saw torn asunder the bonds of the deep,
And the fathomless ocean earth's treasures
submerge,
Yet beheld 'round his ark, like some tamed
monster, creep,
The omnidevouring, but heav'n-restrain'd
furge.

V.

He who communed with Deity 'neath his own
tent ;
He who strove with the angel on Bethel's
lone plain ;
He who sojourn'd on Sinai trembling and rent,
Till his face beam'd with glory he scarce
could restrain.
He, too, the " sweet psalmist of Israel " hight ;
And he who ascended in chariot of fire ;
With a host of immortals as pure and as bright,
All claim'd, and all sung, by the Hebrew's
rapt lyre.

VI.

And not only these, but a multitude vast,
The choice of each nation, and language, and
clime,
Shall sit down at meat with these sons of the
past,
With patriarch kings, and with prophets
sublime :
The student in converse familiar shall greet
The sage whose loved writings he deem'd
half divine ;
And saints, and confessors, and martyrs shall
meet,
From the cell, and the stake, from the desert,
and mine.


VII.

Ah yes, in that concourse from East and from
West,
The sever'd and scatter'd once more shall
unite ;
And the wisest and greatest, most loving and
best,
Unenvied, unenvying, swell the delight ;
And souls, resting there from the fever of life,
Shall review their past course, which seem'd
erst so obscure ;
Recount each his story with interest rise,
And together rejoice, as for ever secure.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

AND, behold, the whole city came out to meet Jesus : and when they saw Him, they besought Him that He would depart out of their coasts.—*St. Matt.* VIII. 34.

I.

EAR Lord, and is man sunk so low,
Of will so warp'd, of mind so slow,
And so depraved of heart,
That a whole city with one voice,—
(Agreeing but in this sad choice)—
Could urge Thee to depart !

II.

Thee, who for them Thy throne hadst left,
From Thine own Father's bosom rest,
And all the bliss on high ;
Who wast for them content to bear
A life of poverty and care,
A death of agony :

III.

Thee, too, who hadst so lately shown
That winds and waves were still Thine own,

Obedient to Thy word ;
That e'en foul fiends at Thy behest
Must flee th' usurpèd human breast,
 Submissive to their Lord !

IV.

Oh, could not this unequal'd love,
Gaugeless by highest powers above,
 And undeserved as great,
And all this might, in vain withstood,
Ministering only for their good,
 Protect Thee from their hate ?

V.

Ah no, and hence we speak with shame
The Gergesenes' opprobrious name,
 Their nation fatuous call ;
Preferring their unlawful gains,
Their fiendish foes, and slavish chains,
 To Thee, the Lord of all !

VI.

But, oh, while thus we deem of *them*,
Doth conscience ne'er *ourselves* condemn,
 As far more mad than they !
We, who prefer the gold which rusts,
And sacrifice to swinish lusts,
 The joys which ne'er decay !

VII.

Ah, Lord, I, too, alas, have been
In heart a very Gergefene,
With scorn requiting love ;
Though seal'd my lips, my wayward life,
With evil thoughts and passions rife,
Hath urged Thee to remove.

VIII.

But, Lord, Thou know'st the tempter's snares,
Be better to me than my prayers,
Nor leave this froward heart :
Trembling, I think, Lord, what if Thou,
With anger shadowing Thy brow,
Should say to me " Depart !"



FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

THE kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field : but while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way.—*St. Matt. XIII. 24, 25.*

I.



EE yonder field with golden plenty
bending,
As swept by summer airs ;
Amongst the rustling ears, too closely blending,
Are rank and wasteful tares !

II.

Such is our life ; our best and purest pleasures
Are mix'd with sad alloy ;
And few among the soul's most cherish'd treasures
But yield more grief than joy.

III.

Even affections the most pure and holy—
The spirit's choicest flowers—
Are intertwined with weeds of melancholy,
And shade with gloom our bowers.

IV.

The holiest incense we present to heaven
Is mingled with strange fire ;
The bread of life is blended with earth's leaven,
Nor satisfies desire.

V.

Ill dreams mix with our slumbers when reposing ;
Hopes are allied to fears ;
Clouds blend with sunshine when the day is
closing ;
Excess of joy brings tears.

VI.

A canker-worm round every gourd is creeping
That springeth from this earth ;
The enemy sows tares while we are sleeping,
To mar our harvest-mirth.

VII.

Nought *here* is pure, all is confused and blended,
The evil with the good ;
The salvage of lost Eden has descended
With relics of the flood.

VIII.

Yet will this mixture prompt no vain repining,
Nor the meek heart offend,

That might be ask'd, were all so bright and
shining,

“ How cam'st *thou* hither, friend ? ”

IX.

Here we expect not prizes, but probation ;
Labour, and not repose ;
Our safest triumph is some self-ovation,
And our best gifts our woes.

X.

Patience awhile, the day of retribution
Will come, nor tarry long ;
Each doubt will then receive a clear solution,
A remedy each wrong.

XI.

Let all grow on till harvest, tares still blending,
And dazzling the mock'd eye ;
The humbler corn, laden with worth, low
bending,
In scorn'd humility.

XII.

The tares will then no more elude the reapers,
The fire will have its prey ;
No enemy will mock the expectant sleepers,
Or steal their hopes away.

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

BELOVED, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know, that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is. And every one that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure.

1 St. John III. 2, 3.

I.



H, could our eyes but pierce the
awning
Which copes this shadowy world
of ours,

And catch, though but the distant dawning,
Of Heav'n's bright palaces and towers,—
How little should we reck of earth,
How mean her joys, how dull her mirth!

II.

When Israel's king, with wealth furrounded,
Bask'd in the pomp of eastern pride,
Sated and pall'd with power unbounded,
He struck his plaintive lyre, and sigh'd,—
“Ne'er will my soul her longings flake
Till in Thy likeness I awake.”

III.

Ah yes, one glimpse of heaven, unshrouded,
To the first martyr's upturn'd eye,
Although by death's cold shadow clouded,
And film'd with mortal agony,—
Lit up with more than angel's grace
The pallor of that dying face !

IV.

But, oh, in vain imagination
Attempts to grasp the infinite,
Or guess what glorious consummation
Awaits God's chosen sons of light :
Enough, they'll be like Him in bliss ;
For they shall see Him as He is.

V.

Let, then, each soul whom these hopes lighten
Make itself pure as He is pure ;
In the Lamb's blood its garments whiten,
In the Lamb's book its name secure :
So when it meets its Maker's gaze
It shall reflect His glorious rays !

VI.

The loveliest star of all heaven's cluster,
The fairest fountain eye may see,
Attracts us only by its lustre,
And charms but by its purity ;

And can we deem the turbid mind
Shall with its God acceptance find !

VII.

Ah no, that very glance transcendent,
Which shined the martyr's face in light,
For sinful flesh is too resplendent,
And blinds the unprepared fight :—
Saul saw that glance, nor more might see,
O'erwhelm'd by its intensity.



SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

KNOW ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain. And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible.—1 *Cor.* ix. 24, 25.

I.



Oh, could we remember that life is a
 race,
 And a bright crown of glory is
 hung at its goal,
 That to turn back is death, and to look back
 disgrace,
 We should tremble indeed for the indolent
 soul!

II.

What pains should we take the reward to secure,
 How scornfully cast off the garments of pride;
 View power as distraction, and wealth as a
 lure,—
 Mere apples of gold thrown to draw us aside!

III.

Each hour would seem lost that no progress
could show,
And a hindrance each tie that our limbs did
not brace ;
Naught more should we seek than a “ plain
path ” below,
And a glimpse of the prize at the end of the
race.

IV.

But, alas, though we know with what struggles
are gain'd
E'en the honours of earth, that so soon fade
away,
Yet with minds all undisciplined, bodies un-
train'd,
We presume on a crown which can never
decay.

V.

But this crown incorruptible will not be given,
Save only to him, amongst all who contend,
That with foot spurning earth, and with eye
fix'd on heaven,
In patience and faith shall endure to the end.

VI.

The fleetest at starting are oft-times the last,
And many are hinder'd who once did run
well ;

The self-confident stumble, the faint are soon
pass'd,
And the proud are earth-bound, as it were
with a spell.

VII.

Oh, then be it ours to arouse from our sleep,
And forsaking, forgetting the things left be-
hind,
To press forward boldly, and evermore keep
In subjection the body, in patience the mind.



SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.

A SOWER went out to sow his seed.—*St. Luke* VIII. 5.

I.



H, how prolific are the seeds
Of baneful herbs and noxious weeds;
Ne'er doth *their* harvest fail :
Night from her wings could never shed
More stars than from one thistle's head
Load the curse-wasting gale !

II.

And so, alas, one seed of sin,
Falling blest Eden's bounds within,
Fill'd the whole earth with bane :
The dire infection spread around,
Till sooner earth itself was drown'd,
Than wash'd away the stain.

III.

But, ah, not so the seeds of life ;
Although with every blessing rise,
God can, Himself, bestow,—

With flowers immortal and sublime,
And fruits which mock the frosts of time,—
How rarely do *they* grow !

IV.

Though sown by no penurious hand,
Nor sparsely scatter'd o'er the land,
They strike no fibrous root ;
They shrink as 'twere from alien soil,
Their heads they droop, their leaves they
coil,
They yield no luscious fruit.

V.

Some on the wayside fall, but soon
Hell's harpies seize the priceless boon,
Ere it renews its birth ;
For Satan, ever on the watch,
Hovers, unseen, the prize to catch,
Though man knows not its worth.

VI.

And some fall on the rocky breast,
And hide anon their place of rest
With blossoms false as fair ;
But no congenial soil they find,
And soon temptation's scorching wind
Sweeps o'er their pillow bare.

VII.

And some, e'en more deceptive still,
The air with ripening odours fill
Of fruits which won't endure ;
For, touch'd by pleasure's blighting air,
Or choked with thorns of worldly care,
They perish immature.

VIII.

But, ah, 'tis not that heavenly seeds
In native vigour yield to weeds ;
Let grace renew the ground,
And soon tow'rs Heaven shall rise the tree,
Laden with immortality,
And showering blessings round !



QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

AND now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three ;
but the greatest of these is charity.—1 *Cor.* XIII. 13.

I.



H Charity ! spirit of spirits the fairest,
Of all that to cheer, or to bless us
were given !

Whose visits, on earth, are the briefest and rarest,
Mayhap because thine is the free range of
heaven !

II.

Oh, turn not away, though thy lessons be
flighted,
For what could earth's coldest professor do
more ?—

E'en truth teaches still, with neglect though
requited,—

Can love then be mute when we most need
her lore ?

III.

Nay, teach us, and breathe in our hearts thine
own spirit,
Which suffereth long, and for ever is kind ;

Which envieth not, but is first to hail merit,
And e'en to the worth of a foe is not blind.

IV.

Which mourns with such anguish her own
imperfections,
That ne'er is she known e'en in triumph to
vaunt ;
For crimes in another seem but the reflections
Of frailties and faults which her own bosom
haunt.

V.

Unfordid, unselfish, her own she ne'er seeketh—
Or, rather, all human she deemeth her own—
For sympathy's voice in her ear ever speaketh,
And pleadeth a kindred to others unknown.

VI.

Oh yes, there's a kindred the proud never
mention,
A brotherhood holy of all the redeem'd,
Which shudders when kindness is called con-
descension,
But loves because all are Christ's little ones
deem'd.

VII.

How then can she list to ill tales of another,
Or, hearing, believe, if one doubt supervene ;
When still she beholds on the brow of each brother
Some trace where divinity's impress hath been ?

VIII.

Ah no, she still hopeth, the best still believeth ;
The kindest construction she deems the most
true ;
She knows—and the knowledge her heart often
grieveth—
That through a glass darkly each other we
view.

IX.

She longs for the time when no prejudice
darkling,—
(The haze of the mind, caused by distance
alone,)—
Shall hang o'er the forms, which, in purer light
sparkling,
Shall see face to face, and shall know as
they're known.

X.

Come then, Holy Spirit, thine own gift be-
stowing,
Bid love in our hearts o'er each selfish
thought rise,
And, like hallow'd Jordan, its banks overflowing,
Enrich the parch'd earth, and exhale to the
skies.

FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.

THEN was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.—*St. Matt. iv. 1.*

I.

BLEST Jesu ! who for mortals' sake
All our infirmities didst take,
And, Thine own Godhead laid aside,
In all points like as man wast tried ;
None knows like Thee the tempter's pow'r,
Oh, save us in temptation's hour !

II.

Thou for that contest didst prepare
With fasting, solitude, and prayer ;
Nor spared'st that frame attenuate
Which sank beneath the cross's weight ;
None knows like Thee the tempter's pow'r,
Oh, save us in temptation's hour !

III.

No carnal weapon didst Thou wield
To drive the assailant from the field ;

For nought avails mere fleshly might
'Gainst spirits to contend in fight ;
None knows like Thee the tempter's pow'r,
Oh, save us in temptation's hour !

IV.

Thy Father's all-resistless word
Supplied Thee with the two-edged sword,
Which, flashing on the foul-fiend's fight,
Drove him, despairing, back to night ;
None knows like Thee the tempter's pow'r,
Oh, save us in temptation's hour !

V.

Thou seeing, too, how frail we are,
How ill-equipp'd for such a war,
Around our shield this spell hast wrought,
“ Into temptation lead us not : ”
None knows like Thee the tempter's pow'r,
Oh, save us in temptation's hour !

VI.

Yet since Thou didst the foe withstand
With arms which prayer may still command,
Our pattern may we draw from Thee,
Our weapons from Thine armoury ;
None knows like Thee the tempter's pow'r,
Oh, save us in temptation's hour !

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

ALMIGHTY God, who see'st that we have no power of ourselves to help ourselves; keep us both outwardly in our bodies, and inwardly in our souls; that we may be defended from all adversities which may happen to the body, and from all evil thoughts which may assault and hurt the soul; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Collect for the Second Sunday in Lent.

I.



H, could we see the countless foes
Which daily with the Christian rise,
Could the throng'd sky the hosts
disclose

Which flesh conceals from mortal eyes;
And, worse than all the powers of air,
Saw we what traitors lurk within,—
How should we urge the daily prayer,—
“ Lord, keep me this day without sin ! ”

II.

Each sense, erst lock'd in sleep profound,
Now oped, invites the tempter's skill;
Each faculty in slumber bound
Is now an instrument of ill;

Our intercourse with man renew'd
Renews the occasion, too, of sin ;
And morn has with fresh strength endued
Our foes above, around, within.

III.

Ay, now may eyes immortal see
The leader of that ghostly van
Pointing his dread artillery
At frail and unsuspecting man ;
And none can tell how *he* may fall
Ere the next morn his eyes shall greet ;
Him Satan seeks, perhaps, chief of all,
To have, that he may sift as wheat.

IV.

Moses at break of day arose
With meekness more than mortal blest ;
But sinn'd through wrath ere that day's close,
And was excluded Canaan's rest :
David, too, hail'd the morning's light
As mirror of his Maker, here,
But, oh, he laid him down at night,
A false, adulterous, murderer !

V.

Peter, who with a prophet's zeal
Falsehood and faithlessness abhorr'd,
At evening shared Christ's parting meal,
But ere sunrise denied his Lord.

Then who are *we*, that we should stand,
When such as these around us fall ;
When e'en the least of Satan's band
The strongest faint may thus enthrall !

VI.

Oh God ! Thou seest we have no power
To keep the souls Thy blood has bought ;
But, oh, do Thou in danger's hour
Pray for us that our faith fail not :
If in temptation's fiery surge
Thy presence share the furnace-glow,
Then scathless shall our souls emerge,
Nor e'en the smell of fire shall know.



THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

BE ye therefore followers of God, as dear children.

Ephes. v. 1.

I.

LORD, how can I follow Thee?—
 Can I drink Thy cup of woe?
 Can I walk the treacherous sea?
 Where *Thou* wentest, can *I* go?

II.

Yes, Thy cup, Lord, I may drink,
 If, when its dark dregs I see,
 On the bitterer draught I think,
 Which *Thou* once didst drain for me.

III.

Then, like Thee, though Nature shrink,
 I might say, “Thy will be done;
 What my Father gives to drink
 Is it for His child to shun?”

IV.

And I, too, may walk the wave,
 Heedless of life's darkest storm,

If above the glassy grave
I can view Thy hallow'd form.

V.

Then, like Thee, on love divine,
Pillow'd safe, 'mid threatening ill,
I could every care resign,
Calmly whispering, "Peace, be still!"

VI.

And where Thou art gone, blest Lord!
Weak and frail, I too may go,
If my treasure there be stored,
Nor my heart remain below.

VII.

Then, like Thee, no bonds to rend,
Earth but lightly to untwine,
Peacefully I might ascend,
To Thy Father, and to mine.



FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

BUT as then he that was born after the flesh persecuted him that was born after the Spirit, even so it is now.

Galat. IV. 29.

I.

EVER hath been, since time began,
 A weary and unceasing strife,
 In the distracted breast of man,
 Between the powers of death and life :
 For, oh, to each of these was given
 A part in man's ambiguous birth ;
 His soul is living breath of heaven ;
 His body, frail, decaying earth.

II.

Hence, when he would to heaven aspire,
 And commune with his native skies,
 Earth's vapours dim the holy fire,
 And clouds obscure the sacrifice :
 And even truth's celestial rays—
 Unerring light of souls divine—
 Refracted through earth's murky haze,
 Distorted, and deceptive shine.

III.

The present always seems so vast
That we can scarce the future see ;
As some near cloudlet hurrying past
Will hide the sun's immensity :
Hence present joys, how fleet so'er,
Our hearts engross, our bosoms swell,
And scarce one stray affection spare
For distant bliss ineffable.

IV.

Yet so perverse the mind, that care,
The shadow of approaching ill,
Eclipses all our prospects fair,
And throws a dark portentous chill :
Hence, future fears o'er present joys,
And doubts o'er faith preponderate ;
And light afflictions counterpoise
Eternal glory's speechless weight.

V.

Our wills are warp'd, our judgments bent,
Our best affections cleave to dust,
And e'en our purest thoughts are blent
With selfish aims, and fleshly lust :
The son of bondage and of sin,
Parent of lawless wild pursuits,
Maintains a mastery within,
And Heaven's own heir still persecutes.

VI.

Rise, then, oh child of freedom, rise !
And cast the son of bondage forth ;
Assert thy home, thy native skies,
Thy promises of countless worth :
Free, free must beat the heart once warm'd
With heaven's own glow of liberty ;
And stronger than the strong man arm'd
Is He who lives to succour thee !



FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

CHRIST being come an High Priest of good things to come * * * by his own blood he entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us.—*Heb. ix. 11, 12.*

I.



GREAT High Priest, and Intercessor !
 Sinless, spotless, Lamb of God !
 Who atoned'st for the transgressor
 With Thine own—Thy priceless blood !
 From the holiest of holies,
 Thy self-consecrated place,
 Purge us from our sins and follies ;
 Purify us by Thy grace.

II.

True it is, by lusts imbruted,
 Scarce Thine image we retain ;
 Sin hath all our powers polluted,
 Deep the dye, and dark the stain ;
 Yet if Thou our conscience sprinkle
 With Thy defecating blood,
 Then, without or spot or wrinkle,
 May we stand before our God.

III.

Not alone seek we exemption
From the penalties of sin ;
But we ask a full redemption
From its influence within :
For our oft-renew'd transgression
Be Thy blood as oft applied ;
Let Thy constant intercession
For our countless wants provide.

IV.


Not as lamb, still torn and bleeding,
Weep we now Thy wounds to see ;
But as High Priest, interceding,
Lift we up our eyes to Thee :
On Thy jewell'd breastplate wear Thou
Our poor names, of little worth ;
In Thy golden censer bear Thou
Our dull prayers, weigh'd down by earth !



THE SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE EASTER.

BEING found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself unto death, even the death of the cross.—*Phil.* 11. 8.

I.

UDÆA'S captive sons, who erst
with tears
Their silent harps upon the willows
hung,
Despite the lapse of twice a thousand years,
Still mourn the woes which then their bosoms
wrung ;
Oft as returns the day of their distress,
They mingle, in the dust, their groans and
prayers ;
Around their ruin'd walls in anguish press,
And weep o'er glories now no longer theirs.*

* I know of nothing in sacred or profane history more touching than the two facts recorded below :—

“ On every Friday it is the custom for many Jews to assemble for humiliation and supplication, near the

II.

Nor Zion's children only thus have used
 To consecrate a day to tearful thought,
 While on their degradation they have mused,
 And mourn'd the causes which their sorrows
 wrought :—
 Thy sons, oh Greece, to ruder climes removed,
 Were yearly wont to wail their common
 fate ;
 Revive each lingering trace of lands so loved,
 And weep that they should e'er degenerate.

precincts of the sacred spot on which stood the Temple in its glory ; but within which not one of them can now obtain admission. On reaching the spot we found a row of aged Jews sitting in the dust in front of the wall, all of them engaged in reading or reciting certain portions of the Hebrew Scriptures. * * * *

“ Among them were several Jewesses, enveloped from head to foot in ample white veils. They stepped forward to various parts of the ancient wall, kissed them with great fervour of manner, and uttered their petitions, in a low whisper, at the points where the stones came into contact. I thought of Israel when by the waters of Babylon they sat down and wept.”—*Fisk's Pastor's Memorial of the Holy Land, &c.* pp. 290, 1.

“ The Posidonians on the Tyrrhine sea were once Greeks, but became degenerated, as they deemed it, into Romans or Tyrrhenians, losing their original language and manners. To perpetuate their illustrious descent, they held an annual Greek festival, in which they were wont to assemble together and recall to recollection their

III.

Oh, say, and is the Christian only free
From sadden'd memory's remorseful tears?
Knows he no change from primal purity,
No home estranged by long succeeding years?
Bears he his Maker's image uneffaced,—
Beauty without, and harmony within,
Powers undegraded, passions undebased,
And principles unstain'd by earth or sin?

IV.

If such the case, dance on from youth to age;
Be life one carnival of festive mirth;
Let flesh and spirit no more conflict wage;
Be heav'n itself but a less transient earth!—
But, oh, if Eden we once call'd our own,
If angels as with equals communed then,
If Godhead's form amid our bowers was
known;—
If such things *were*—but may not be again:—

V.

And if with loss of these celestial bow'rs,
And glorious visitants, be vanish'd quite

primitive names and customs, and bewail with tears their degradation.”—*Aristoxenus, cited in Muller's Fragmenta Historic. Græc. II. p. 291.*

The noblest faculties that once were ours,
 The love of good, and power to judge aright;*
 And if when One of more than mortal mould,
 These to restore forsook His Father's side,
 Him we rejected with defiance bold,
 And—hear, oh Earth!—mock'd, scourged,
 and crucified!—

VI.

Oh, ask not if 'twere right that we should weep,
 But rather pray that tears be not in vain:—
 More have we lost than erst the savage deep
 Rest from the fire “who never smiled again.”†
 'Tis but because hope is not wholly fled
 That aught but “endless weeping” still
 remains;‡
 'Tis but because the blood we madly shed,
 Besought with tears, can cleanse the mur-
 derous stains.

* See a very remarkable and extremely eloquent sermon on this subject by Dr. South, from the text, “So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him.”—*Gen. I. 27.* South's Sermons, vol. I. pp. 31, *et seq.*

† Mrs. Hemans's beautiful verses, “He never smiled again,” are almost as extensively known as the subject of them.

‡ “‘Say what remains when hope is fled?’
 She answer'd, ‘Endless weeping.’”

ROGERS'S *Boy of Egremont.*

VII.

Lord, when I think what agony was Thine,
When the last cry burst from Thy fever'd
lips ;
When Godhead's self shaded His brow benign,
And shuddering Nature felt the dread eclipse :
And when I think, too, how I cherish still
The sins which bow'd to death Thy blestèd
head,
While all Thy pangs scarce cause my heart one
thrill,—
I smite my breast that I no tears can shed !



SUPPLEMENTAL HYMN FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

GOD forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.—*Gal. VI. 14.*

I.



FORBID it, Lord, that I should glory,
Save in that cross of blood and
tears,

Where Thou didst hang, all pale and gory,
The marvel of a myriad spheres :
Where Thou, the Sovereign of creation,
The Conqueror of death and hell,
Didst stoop to lowest degradation,
And agony unspeakable.

II.

When I behold those hands extended,
Lifeless and powerless, torn with nails,
Whose hollow earth once comprehended,
And weigh'd the mountains in its scales—
Can I be covetous or grasping,
Forgetful that, whate'er I own,
Soon death, the firmest hold unclasping,
Will cite me naked and alone ?

III.

When I behold that head so drooping,
 Circled with thorns and mockery,
 Which bright archangels, lowly stooping,
 Once diadem'd with majesty ;—
 Can I for earth's distinctions languish,
 Or love those miscreant sins so well,
 Which heap'd on Thee more bitter anguish
 Than ever human heart befell ?

IV.

When I behold that side now riven,
 Collapsing, shrinking, bleeding still,
 Whose beating heart the range of heaven,
 Till earth were added, could not fill ;—
 Can I be selfish, or unfeeling,
 And my contracted bosom close ;
 No kindly sympathy revealing,
 Towards a brother's wants and woes ?


V.

In every pain, in every pleasure,
 Lord, when I think upon Thy cross,
 How poor seems every other treasure,
 How trifling every other loss !
 Content, though earth's more cherish'd prizes
 But sparsely to my lot may fall ;
 This thought a fount of comfort rises,
 Win Christ win heaven, win God win all.

EASTER HYMN.

CHRIST is risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept.—1 *Cor.* xv. 20.

I.

AIL, immortal King of glory !
 Fain would I—durst I aspire—
 Sing Thy resurrection story ;
 Worthier of a seraph's lyre,
 Or the sabbath trumpet-note
 Which did erst o'er Patmos float.

II.

Vainly Death fought to enchain Thee ;—
 Death, say where was then thy sting ?
 Noisome Grave might not retain Thee ;—
 Grave, where was thy triumphing ?
 E'en mortality's last vest
 Could an angel's care attest.

III.

Hell might not detain Thy spirit ;—
 From Thy presence glad to flee :
 Nor Corruption Thee inherit ;
 His stain might not rest on Thee :

Vain the thirsting spirit's prison,
King of glory, Thou art risen !

IV.

Hallelujah ! Angel-chorus—

Ye who roll'd the stone away—
Shed your heavenly raptures o'er us

As we greet the glorious day,
Which led forth, with conqueror's might,
Immortality to light !

V.

Ye who, pensive silence keeping,

See the beautiful decay ;

Ye who, tears of anguish weeping,

Watch the loved one pass away ;

Cease your sighs, rejoice and sing,

Death no more shall boast his sting !

VI.

Ye whose hearts, with life disgusted,

Man's unkindness may have chill'd ;

Ye whose powers neglect hath rusted,

Whose best hopes are unfulfill'd ;

Lift your heads :—to life immortal,

See, the grave is but the portal !

VII.

There no more shall imperfection,

Tangling, choke the best we do ;

Throwing shadows of dejection
O'er the brightest paths below :
Life's formalities no more
Ice the loving bosom o'er.

VIII.

Every nobler aspiration
Which can *here* the soul refine,
Every germ worth cultivation
Of the inner life divine ;
There shall bloom in fadeless hue,
Cherish'd with immortal dew.

IX.

If we then with Christ be risen,
Let us seek the things above ;
Let us look beyond life's prison,
To the realms of light and love ;
Where the body of this death
Taints no more each purer breath.

X.

Hallelujah, Lord of glory !
Conqueror of death and hell !
At Thy resurrection story
Angel harps with rapture swell :—
Oh, forgive me if in vain
To such themes my lyre I strain.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

THE same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you. And when He had so said, He shewed unto them His hands and His side.—*St. John* xx. 19, 20.

I.



Oh, if there be one tranquil hour,
When jarring thoughts the bosom
leave,
And holiest things assert their power,—
It is the peaceful sabbath eve !

II.

Angels, methinks, are on the wing,
Distilling dews of heavenly balm ;
And hushing each unquiet thing
That might disturb the holy calm.

III.

The setting sun, as loath to hide
In lengthening shades a scene like this,
Heaven's curtain seems to lift aside,
To show how like *our* sabbath 'tis !

IV.

On such an eve, on such an hour,
'Tis sweet Time's fetters forth to cast,
And, raised by contemplation's power,
To commune with the sacred past :

V.

With Isaac, perhaps, in pensive mood,
Far from the haunts of man to roam ;
And, rapt in holy solitude,
To meditate on God and home.

VI.

Or, perhaps, to join the faithful few
Convened on Easter's earliest even,
Who, with closed doors, sat in review
On deeds which late their hearts had riven ;

VII.

To whom their newly-risen Lord,
Entering unseen, and whispering " Peace,"
Show'd His torn hands, and side still gored,
And bade each doubt and sorrow cease.

VIII.

Ah, show *me*, Lord, that bleeding side,
That fount still warm with healing blood :
Bid Faith her hand within it hide,
And own Thee for her Lord and God !

IX.

So shall each sabbath-even prove
 A holier calm, a happier rest ;
 Till banqueting with Thee above,
 I lean my head upon Thy breast !



SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

CHRIST also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow His steps.—1 *Peter* II. 21.

I.



THrice blessed Redeemer, whose
cross, and whose passion,
Is all our salvation, our hope, and
our stay,—

Be Thy life, too, our rule, our ensample, our
fashion ;

Our study by night, and our mirror by day !

II.

Not only *as God*, o'er Thy works would we
ponder,

Adoring the hand which the dead could re-
store ;

But, oh, as along the world's desert we
wander,

Reflect that *as man*, Thou hast trod it before.

III.

No thorn lifts its head on our path, howe'er
dreary,
That has not been crush'd by Thine own
precious feet ;
Nay, the print of Thy footsteps, all bleeding
and weary,
On the brink of the flough of despondence
we meet.

IV.

But, oh, when with thirst and fatigue Thou
waft sinking,
And the cool well of Sichem low mirror'd
Thy feet,
On a far purer stream was Thy faint spirit
thinking,—
For the will of Thy God was Thy drink
and Thy meat.

V.

And when, for a moment, in triumph and
gladness,
Thou rod'st through the city, with palm
branches strewn,
From joy so unwonted Thou turned'st with sad-
ness,
To weep o'er her sons that should perish so
soon.

VI.

Thus, the weal of Thy brethren, the work of
Thy Father,
Abforb'd every feeling and want of Thine
own ;
By day, suffering crowds Thou around Thee
didst gather ;
By night, in the mountain Thou prayed'st
alone.

VII.

Vouchsafe then, dear Lord, as Thy cross, and
Thy passion,
Is all our salvation, our hope, and our stay ;
That our lives by Thine own holy life we may
fashion,
And follow Thy footsteps more closely each
day !



THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

WHAT is this that He saith unto us, A little while, and ye shall not see Me : and again, a little while, and ye shall see Me ; and, Because I go to the Father ?

St. John XVI. 17.

I.



LITTLE while—oh, what a spell
Seems in those simple words to dwell !
What sad reverse, what glorious
change,

Lie hidden in their import strange !

II.

A little while—and that bright eye
Which beams as 'twere a sun-lit sky,
Diffusing light and gladness round,
In death's dark cere-cloth shall be bound !

III.

A little while—that life-flush'd heart,
Which seems in all to have a part,
Responsive as the breath-stirr'd wave,
Shall lie unmoved in some cold grave !

IV.

A little while—that suasive mouth,
Whose words, like soft airs from the South,
Melt the chill icebergs of the soul,
Shall moulder like some time-worn scroll !

V.

A little while—but, ah, forbear
To trace, in language of despair,
The common havoc which shall bind
The young, the fair, the good, the kind.

VI.

A little while—oh, change the strain,
Shake off earth’s melancholy chain ;
And, soaring, sing what joys beguile
The sorrows of a little while.

VII.

A little while—the child of pain,
Whose anguish’d features speak too plain
The pangs conceal’d, but not subdued,—
Shall taste the balm of life renew’d !

VIII.

A little while—the child of want,
Who sleeps in tears his morsel scant,
And shrinks from looks which still implore,—
Shall hunger and deny no more !

IX.

A little while—the child of woe,
Oppress'd, neglected, scorn'd, below,
On whose mean grave there falls no tear,
Shall rise, the seraph's bright compeer !

X.

A little while—the child of death,
All tainted by corruption's breath,
And crush'd beneath the worm-wove sod,
Shall wake, the image of his God !

XI.

A little while—then weep no more ;
Death, like the sea, shall all restore ;
He whom you seek shall soon appear,
And wipe away each lingering tear !



FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

O ALMIGHTY God, who alone canst order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men; grant unto Thy people that they may love the thing which Thou commandest, and desire that which Thou dost promise; that so, among the sundry and manifold changes of the world, our hearts may surely there be fixed where true joys are to be found; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Collect for the Fourth Sunday after Easter.

I.



H God, who, alone, canst our wills
and affections
Control, though unruly and selfish
they be,
So govern our hearts, that, despite their deflec-
tions,
And dips towards earth, they may still turn
to Thee.

II.

Be, Lord, Thy commandments, how painful
soever,
More dear to our hearts than the voice of a
friend;

Ne'er let us Thy love from Thy wisdom dis sever;
 But feel them combined with our blifs for
 their end.

III.

And, turning unfated from earth's tranfient
 pleasures,
 Which fade while we gaze, and difsolve into
 tears,
 Be Thy promifes, pricelefs, our heart's chiefeft
 treasures,
 The aim of our hopes, and the end of our
 fears.

IV.

That fo, 'mid the manifold chances and changes
 Which life's plans and prospects difturb and
 difsolve,
 Our hearts may fix furely where nothing de-
 ranges,
 But earth's petty cares far beneath us revolve.

V.

Thee ever approaching, at length may we enter
 Thofe regions of glory, unchangeably bright,
 Where Thou, ever fhining, the fun and the
 centre,
 Diffufeft around Thee unfading delight.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

BEING seen of them forty days, and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God.—*Acts* 1. 3.

I.

LORD, when Thou didst, o'er death
victorious,
The grave's seal'd portals rend,
Not to Thy native skies, all-glorious,
Didst Thou in haste ascend ;
But lingered'st forty days below,
Amid the scenes of Thy late woe.

II.

How couldst Thou, with full godhead teeming,
Ineffable and pure,
Forego Thy home in triumph beaming,
And this dark world endure ;
Where still Thy cross reek'd with Thy blood,
And men yet breathed who slew their God ?

III.

Ah, Lord, Thy mission was not ended,
Thy foes yet fill'd the plain ;

Their precious spoils they still defended,
Though vanquish'd yet not slain :
Ungarner'd still the harvest flood,
Which Thou hadst water'd with Thy blood.

IV.

It was this harvest home to gather,
These scatter'd spoils to pile,
Leaving the bosom of Thy Father,
Thou tarried'st here awhile ;
A kingdom for Thyself to gain,
Where this world's prince no more should reign.

V.

This was the glorious consummation
By ancient seers foretold ;
The prophet's dream and inspiration,
The poet's song of old :
The theme which burst from Balaam's lyre,
And touch'd Isaiah's lips with fire.

VI.

This hope, through Time's long vista gleaming,
Was Jacob's star of truth ;
Through aged Simeon's veins when streaming
Was renovated youth ;
Was, Lord, in dark Gethsemane,
A strengthening angel e'en to Thee !

VII.

Nor could it be that Thou shouldst cherish,
In vain, this hope sublime,
And found a kingdom but to perish
Upon the sands of Time ;
Where ruin's waves, uncurb'd, should roll
Over the travail of Thy soul !

VIII.

Therefore for forty days enduring
The sin-stain'd haunts of man,
Thou tarried'st, patiently maturing
Thine everlasting plan ;
A church to build and organize,
Vast and immortal as the skies.

IX.

For this the midnight lake Thou walked'st,
In spirit's robe of light ;
For this on Emmaus' road Thou talked'st,
In words of burning might ;
For this with threefold scrutiny
Tried'st him who thrice denied Thee :

X.

For this upon Thy church Thou breathed'st
As 'twere new life and power ;
For this throughout all time bequeathed'st
Thy presence as her dower :
For this, until the day of doom,
Hast bade us pray, " Thy Kingdom come !"

ASCENSION-DAY AND THE SUNDAY
AFTER ASCENSION-DAY.

O GOD the King of glory, who hast exalted Thine only Son Jesus Christ with great triumph unto Thy kingdom in heaven; we beseech Thee leave us not comfortless; but send to us Thine Holy Ghost to comfort us, and exalt us unto the same place whither our Saviour Christ is gone before, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end.—*Collect for the Sunday after Ascension-day.*

I.



Oh, haste from your thrones, ye band
of immortals !
Your lyres on your shoulders, your
wreaths in your hands :
Oh, haste, open wide your adamant portals ;
The dread King of glory admission demands.

II.

“ Who is,” do ye ask, “ the dread King of
glory ? ”
The Lord, strong and mighty, in battle so fell :
A thousand gold harps now ring with His
story,—
The Victor of death, and the Captor of hell !

III.

No longer on earth His saints now behold Him,
A man full of sorrows, with no place to rest ;
But rising, sublime, the clouds now enfold
Him,
And myriads of chariots attend His behest.

IV.

Ah, Lord, since in triumph Thou hast ascended,
Oh, leave us not comfortless, weary, and lone :
With mortals on earth Thy tears were once
blended ;
Thy smiles let them share, too, where tears
are unknown.

V.

And since at Thy feet all heaven pours its
treasure,
And crowns and dominions encircle Thee
there,
And gifts without scant, and grace without
measure,—
Think, Lord, of Thy poor needy suppliants
here.

VI.


But chiefest, good Lord, impart Thine own spirit,
Our souls to exalt, and our fears to dispel ;
That seeing the realms, which Thou dost inherit,
In heart, we ascending, may there also dwell.

WHITSUNDAY.

JESUS said unto His disciples, If ye love Me, keep My commandments. And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of truth.

St. John XIV. 15-17.

I.

 *PIRIT of life*—who erst did brood
O'er chaos, uninform'd and rude,
Till life and beauty forth did swell
Like music bursting from the shell;
Oh, hover o'er my lifeless heart,
And warmth and energy impart!

II.

Spirit of truth—whose only light
Can guide Thy wandering church aright,
When earth's false fires but flit abroad
To draw us further from our God;
In Thee alone would I confide,
Into all truth Thy servant guide!

III.

Spirit of wisdom—oh, impart
A wise and understanding heart;

In all things give a judgment right,
To view them only in thy light ;
That, like the gems on Aaron's breast,
Those may but shine where Thou dost rest !

IV.

Spirit of comfort—leave me not
Alone, unhelp'd, to bear my lot ;
Beyond life's vista guide my view,
And teach me, while I'm struggling through,—
“ The swifter sweep the dark clouds by,
The sooner comes the calm blue sky.”

V.

Spirit of peace—whose form appears
Brightest to those baptized in tears ;
Whose semblance is the dove, which bore
Hope, when the floods the earth whelm'd o'er ;
Grant me that heavenly peace, I pray,
The world nor knows, nor takes away !

VI.

Spirit of love—thyself transfuse,
In Thee may I my being lose ;
Prompt every action, every thought ;
From Thee be every impulse caught ;
That, with affections fix'd above,
I may but breathe, and burn with, love !

VII.

Spirit of grace—fresh life impart,
Renew and sanctify my heart ;
Remould my will, my soul refine,
Adopt me, make me wholly Thine ;
And let me daily “ grow in grace,”
Till I behold my Maker’s face !

VIII.

Spirit of inspiration high,
Grand source of heavenly minstrelsy,
Who taught’st with more than mortal skill
A Saul’s rude hand the lyre to trill ;
Ever do Thou my song inspire,
And clothe my tongue with Thine own fire !



TRINITY SUNDAY.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, who hast given unto us Thy servants grace by the confession of a true faith to acknowledge the glory of the Eternal Trinity, and in the power of the Divine Majesty to worship the Unity; we beseech Thee that Thou wouldst keep us steadfast in this faith.—*Collect for Trinity Sunday.*

I.



MYSTERIOUS Trinity! what mind
can grasp
Thine awful nature, or what tongue
can tell?

Sooner shall finite man that book unclasp,
Which to unseal did angels' might repel:
We only know Thy love ineffable!—
So 'mid the highest heavens' effulgence bright,
The wearied eye might still, reposing, dwell
On the o'erarching bow of emerald light,
Which calm'd the troubled heart, and sooth'd
the aching sight!

II.

Father of heaven! Lord of the starry hosts,
Which, countless as the moats in noontide rays,

Sweep circling through the sea which knows
no coasts,—

Should mortal sense attempt the dizzy maze,
'Twere overpower'd, and lost amid the blaze:
Yet who can view that love, which did not spare
Thine only Son, nor feel constrain'd to praise?
If Thy soul's mirror, and Thy glory's heir,
For us that love could give, oh, what can it
forbear?

III.

Eternal Son! coequal with Thy fire!

Whom highest angels reverently adore;
Who mad'st the heavens, and from Thy throne
of fire

Wilt judge mankind, when time shall be no
more;

To sing Thy power the Muse would vainly
soar:

Yet would she falter something of that love

Which all our sins, and all our sufferings bore,
And left the bliss of tearless realms above,
With torn and bleeding hands, our burden to
remove.

IV.

Celestial Spirit! great creative power!

Fountain of wisdom! Source of life divine!
Thou too didst aid at nature's primal hour;
To found the abyss of space with plummet
line,

And hold the golden compasses, was thine :
Yet is thy love thy chiefeſt attribute ;
For 'tis thine office, Comforter benign !
To lure the ſoul away from earth's purſuit,
Its ſorrows to aſſuage, its feeble ſtrength recruit.

v.

What then, though through a glaſs I darkly ſee,
And, darkly ſeeing, faintly underſtand,
Thy triune nature, myſtic Trinity !—
Though very far off is that glorious land,
Where, circled by a bright redeemèd band,
The King in all His beauty doth abide,
And loſtieſt notes of angel-lyres command—
Yet would I hail Thee, Father, Saviour, Guide,
In all Thy power rejoice, in all Thy love con-
fide !



FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

SON, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things ; but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented.

St. Luke xvi. 25.

I.



THOUGHTFULLY, I watch'd the
river

O'er its shining pebbles flow,
And the pale green aspens quiver
In their chequer'd shade below ;
Fish like silver arrows darted
Through the furrowy, crystal stream,
And the joy of life imparted,
As they caught the sunny gleam.

II.

By a lonely willow shaded
From the unaccustom'd heat,
Where the ripple oft invaded,
I had form'd my rustic seat ;
There I watch'd, amid the eddy,
One poor object, half a worm,
Struggling, but with effort steady,
To emerge its slimy form.

III.

Cloſe at hand a fiſh was ſaſhing,
Like a ray through window ſtain'd :
Now and then with menace daſhing
At the wretch his pride diſdain'd :
Too contemptible and fordid
To invite more near reſort,
Yet the uncouth ſhape afforded,
Seemingly, deriſive ſport.

IV.

Ah, thought I, how partial Heaven,
In its gift of happineſs ;
Some to bliſs at birth are given,
Others ſwathed in wretchedneſs :
See yon radiant, ſtarry creature,
As a ſhooting meteor bright ;
While, begrimed in every feature,
This poor wretch toils tow' rds the light !

V.

While I gazed, this form unmuffled,
Stretch'd its naſcent wings in air ;
Off “ its mortal coil it ſhuffled,”
And burſt forth, as angel fair :
Borne, as 'twere on faëry pinions,
A cerulean body ſoar'd,
And, forſaking earth's dominions,
More congenial realms explored.

VI.

Turning from this floating glory,
 Towards its foe—now foe no more—
 I beheld it, faint and gory,
 Writhing on the distant shore ;
 For some angler, skill'd in hiding
 Fatal barb in mimic fly,
 There, its struggles vain deriding,
 Left the gorgeous wretch to die.

VII.

Humbled by the scene before me,
 As I gazed upon the strand,
 Suddenly the words flash'd o'er me,
 As though traced by burning hand—
 “ Son, in this life thou hadst pleasure,
 And thy neighbour couldst despise :
 Earth from *him* withheld her treasure—
He has found it in the skies.”

VIII.

Ah, methinks, how vainly mortals
 Form their estimates of bliss,
 And from life's half-open'd portals
 Speculate on happiness ;
 In the twilight of existence
 Judge of things they scarce can see,
 Nor heed, dawning in the distance,
 Shadowless Eternity !

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

WE know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. . . . Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us.—1 *St. John* III. 14. 16.

I.



Oh say, can yonder violet
Its own sweet nature so forget,
As when baptized in vernal dews,
No perfume round it to diffuse?
Ah no!—'tis odorous in death,
For fragrance is its very breath.

II.

Can yonder restless flame of fire
All tremblingly towards heaven aspire,
And yet, despite its glowing heart,
No genial, melting, heat impart?
Ah no!—it cannot warmth deny,
For it must either burn or die.

III.

Can, then, Religion, flower divine,
The fibres of the heart entwine,
Yet selfishly drink in heaven's dews,
Nor balmy love around diffuse?
Ah no !—love is religion's breath,
Most fragrant in the martyr's death.

IV.

Religion is the sacred name
We give to love's divinest flame :
Howe'er Devotion may aspire,
Love is its life, its soul, its fire ;
Nor will the flame be own'd above
That is not fed, and fill'd, with love.

V.

The heart is no funereal urn
Lighted by flames which do not burn ;
For where such flames are haply found,
They show but the corruption round :
But the true heart which love doth bless
Is the fire-side of wretchedness.

VI.

Yes, not alone should kindred come
To that fire-side and find a home ;

But the bright glow should spread, and rise
O'er earth's conventionalities,
Till all the barriers of pride
In vain might strive its flame to hide.

VII.

The soul, thus warm'd with fire divine,
Shall like a star in glory shine ;
While far below, however bright,
Shall gleam each insulated light,
That, like sea-beacon, cold as clear,
Seems but to whisper, " Come not near."

VIII.

When selfish thoughts the bosom move,
Oh, think of Him whose name is Love ;
Gaze on the realms He left for thee,
Then view Him on the torture-tree,
With arms outspread as to embrace
The whole of man's rebellious race.



THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

LIKEWISE, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

St. Luke xv. 10.

I.



H, the countless mysteries
Which our being here enfold ;
Oh, the thousand sympathies
Which its links together hold !
Never yet did mortal's mind
Half the hidden ties unwind
Which the mute creation bind
With man's destinies !

II.

Nature is, as bards maintain,
Full of sympathizing life ;
Though the sounds and shapes they feign
Are with their own fancies rife :
Voices in the solemn woods,
Sirens in the booming floods,
Elves in moonlit solitudes,
Have their semblances.

III.

Far, oh far, excels the truth ;
There are spirits bright and fair,
Sent to guide the steps of youth,
Sent to smoothe the brow of care ;
Wise as sage, than saint more good,
Strong as fiend in fiercest mood,
Gentler e'en than womanhood,
Are these ministers.

IV.

They from their celestial bow'rs,
Far above the haunts of men,
Cast towards this world of ours
No unsympathizing ken :
Well they know each form of life,
Who the foe, and what the strife,
With what toils and dangers rife
Is our pilgrimage.

V.

Tears—were tears not *ours* alone—
Might lave many an angel-cheek ;
But since tears are there unknown,
They but gaze with sorrow meek,
When tow'rs that abyss of woe,
Deep, beyond what mortals know,
They behold us, hurrying, go,
Gay and heedlessly.

VI.

But when one forfakes the crowd,
Mourning he fo long hath ftray'd,
And, with true repentance bow'd,
Weeps beneath his fig-tree's fhade,
Thefe fair fpirits, as they lean,
Liftening, o'er the hallow'd fcene,
Wake their lyres from joy ferene
Into ecftafy.

VII.

Never with intenfer joy
Did the raptured mother ftrain
To her breaft her darling boy,
Whom fhe long had fought in vain,
Truant in fome pathlefs wood
Where the wolf could fcarce find food,
And the ferpent rear'd her brood
Unmoleftedly ;—

VIII.

With more rapturous delight
Sailor's wife did never hail,
After long tempeftuous night,
Her loved husband's ftorm-ripp'd fail,
When, funk rocks and quickfands pafs'd,
It hath fafe arrived at laft
Where the breaker and the blaft
Murmur diftantly ;—

IX.

Than do these bright watchers feel
When a soul to God returns,
And big tears in silence steal
Down the cheeks remorse still burns :
Then, oh then—but hush my lyre,
Vainly would Thy notes aspire
To give utterance to the fire
Of heaven's rhapsodies.



FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

FOR the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God.—*Rom. VIII. 19.*

I.



BEAUTIFUL myths have ancient
fages
Cull'd from the spoils of olden time,
Strewing o'er their illumined pages
Relics of early truth, sublime.

II.

Well did they feign that when descended,
Earthward, the vessel of human woe,
Ills flying round with all things blended,
Hope only stay'd with man below.*

III.

Well did they feign, too, how endurance,
Tortured, and rock-bound, triumph'd o'er
time ;†

* The story of Pandora's box, of which there are several versions, is well known.—Vid. Hesiod, *Op. et Dies*, 90 *et seq.*

† The myth of "Prometheus Vincētus" is, of course, familiar to all classical readers.

Cheer'd and supported by the assurance,
“Heav'n has for patience guerdons sublime.”

IV.

Even a nation peel'd and scatter'd,
Sitting in ashes still could smile,
While its old bards the fond hope flatter'd,
“That its slain prince but slept awhile.”*

V.

Oh, 'tis the voice of all creation,
“Not ever-during are its woes ;”
There is an earnest expectation,
Patiently pointing to life's close.

VI.

Man, it is true, who reads his story
On the rough ruins round him hurl'd,
Tries but in vain to paint the glory
Of a new, sinless, deathless, world.

VII.

Still he who lifts to inspiration,
Turning his back on crowds below,

* The Welsh nation long believed that their king, Arthur, would be restored again to his life and kingdom, and thus testified their faith by the inscription upon his tomb:—*HIC JACET ARTURUS, REX QUONDAM, REX-QUE FUTURUS.*

PELLICIER'S *Don Quixote*, note to p. 130.

Sees on the hill-tops of falvation
 Kindling reflections of its glow.*

VIII.

Yes, there's a day of restitution,
 One universal jubilee ;
 Then shall the wrong'd have retribution,
 And the oppress'd full liberty.

IX.

Sin-laden earth shall feel redemption,
 Breathe o'er its frame like Spring's first breath,
 Fraught with perpetual exemption
 From the chill blasts of pain and death.

* The slaves of Tyre having revolted against their masters, and slain them, determined to elect a king from among themselves, reserving the honour for him who should be the first to observe the rays of the rising sun on a given day. While all the others were anxiously watching with eyes intent upon the East, the slave of the philosopher Strato, instructed by his master whose life he had spared, turned toward the West, where he observed the first rays of the sun lighting up a high tower before the luminary itself was visible above the horizon. The moral drawn by the philosopher from this ingenious device was, that, in order to discover truth, one must turn his back upon the multitude.

FONTENELLE'S *Dialogues des Morts*, Dial. v.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

FOR the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and
His ears are open unto their prayers.

1 St. Peter III. 12.

I.

BE the path or bright, or darksome,
Of the righteous to their rest,
O'er it hovers love more tender
Than e'er warm'd a parent's breast ;
Sleepless eyes each footstep watch,
Ears attent each accent catch.

II.

In the solitary mountain —
Oratory most sublime,
By the far resounding ocean —
Nature's quire of ceaseless chime ;
Want hath ne'er unnoticed pray'd,
Silent grief unpitied stray'd.

III.

In the damp, sound-muffling dungeon,
In the dark and dreary mine,

In the selfish, crowded city,
Where lone spirits oftener pine ;
He who stills the raven's cry,
Spurns not man's neglected sigh.

IV.

In the waving, rustling cornfield
Ruth could not unheeded glean ;
Nor could meditative Isaac
Take his sunset walk unseen ;
Known is earth's remotest nook,
Horeb's cave, and Chereth's brook.

V.

Where the weary-hearted exile
Listless tracks his path of foam,
Or in dark primæval forest
Traces out his future home ;
One still marks, though none stand by,
The dim retroverted eye.

VI.

Where the sleepless mother watches,
In the noiseless, curtain'd room,
Scrutinizing those pale features,
Late so flush'd with youthful bloom ;
Hands more skill'd than hers to soothe,
Her sick child's soft pillow smooth.

VII.

Where the broken-hearted widow
Stands half paralys'd with grief,
When to her first swell of anguish
Even tears refuse relief;
One with more than husband's love
Gazes on her from above.

VIII.

Where the sage, in lonely study,
Meditates some scheme benign,
And endeavours to inspirit
Souls to purposes divine;
He is near, whose smile on high
Kindles immortality.

IX.


Nor in sorrow, nor in labour,
Does He only sympathize;
But our pleasures and amusements
He beholds with kindly eyes;
For He loves His children's play,
Strewing flowers around their way.



SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

JESUS said unto His disciples, Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.—*St. Matt. v. 20.*

I.

EHOLD yon sepulchre, all pure and
white,
The images of virtues sculptured
round,
Like mimic temple swelling on the sight,
With holy cross symbolically crown'd.

II.

Could the eye pierce beneath that polish'd dome,
Naught would it see but senseless, lifeless, forms,
And sights obscene, meet for corruption's
home—
The hall of death—the trying-place of
worms.

III.

Here we see mirror'd, as in molten glass,
Our social fabric, and our daily life,
Outwardly comely, but within, alas !
With empty forms and foul corruptions rise.

IV.

Our very righteousness is sin disguised,
Our hospitality ambition mask'd,
Our faith is more contended for than prized,
Our love leaves self-denial all untask'd.

V.

Our worship is a heartless sacrifice,
The censor far more holy than the fire ;
Our closest social bonds a proud device
To sever those whom kindred souls inspire.

VI.

Gold is our standard, custom is our law,
Public opinion is our rule of right ;
From selfishness our every act we draw,
And adulation is our chief delight.

VII.

Such, but less fordid, was the righteousness
The Pharisees of yore were fain to vaunt ;
Which drew the curse of Him who came to bless,
And chang'd His words of love to bitter taunt.

VIII.

Ah, how unlike the "righteousness of saints,"
The snowy robes of the redeem'd on high :
Our garb of "filthy rags" the spirit taints,
Nor hides its squalor from Heaven's piercing
eye.

IX.

Oh, I am weary of this mockery—


This sin-defiled, but sin-dissembling dress ;
And, striving from its folds my limbs to free,
Would pray, “ Be thou, oh Lord, my
righteousness.”



SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

FOR the end of those things is death.—*Rom. VI 21.*

I.

 HERE is, bards say, one midnight
dread,
When, at bell-toll, the future dead,
Of the ensuing year,
Their destined graves seek, 'mid the dew,
As travellers their couches view,
Ere they repose them there.*

II.

Oh, 'twere a solemn thing to trace,
Shadow'd on each pale, prescient face,
Instincts of coming doom ;

* The ghosts of all, whom Death shall doom
Within the coming year,
In pale procession walk the gloom,
Amid the silence drear.

See MONTGOMERY'S *Vigil of St. Mark.*

How some would fadly turn them back,
And some would shrink, as 'twere a rack,
From the unopen'd tomb.

III.

Scarcely might we—though much we dare—
The secrets of one grave-yard bear,
E'en for a single hour :
What then, if to our eyes unseal'd,
Death's whole domains should be reveal'd,
In full appalling power !

IV.

Each moment fresh, unhousel'd ghosts,
Take through the air, in countless hosts,
Irremeable flight ;
The quails in Sinai's wilderness,
In hurtling crowds so numberless
Strew'd not the ground at night.

V.

But ah, on ghostly scenes why dwell,
Which, were they not invisible,
Would mar each moment's bliss ;
When nations lost, except to fame,
And buried cities, earth proclaim
One huge Necropolis ?

VI.

Each element is fraught with death ;
Air wafts the fever's fœtid breath,
 Fire all things living dread ;
Earth's mountains seem but heroes' graves,
And natural sepulchres her caves ;
 The sea is full of dead !

VII.

Turn where we will, Death meets our view ;
Ever the fairest avenue
 Conducts us to some urn :
'Mid mirth and dance in festal hall
Death's dread handwriting on the wall
 Doth still before us burn.

VIII.

Leaves ever fall, flowers ever fade,
Fruit ere 'tis ripen'd is decay'd,
 Birds soon as feather'd fly ;
Streams ever change, but ne'er return,
The brightest lamps the fastest burn ;
 The loveliest soonest die.

IX.

When locusts darken'd Egypt's coasts,
A wind swept back th' unnumber'd hosts
 Into the deep Red Sea ;

Thus hourly fweeps earth's myriads, Death,—
 Sin's blasting and pestiferous breath—
 Into Eternity !

X.

Yet droop not, Hope, thy listless wings,
 For e'en the blighting East-wind brings
 The weary traveller home ;
 Nay, fire itself once form'd a car,
 Which bore the seer up, like a star,
 Above earth's lessening dome.*

* In a letter written by the martyr Bradford to Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, after his condemnation, and immediately before his execution, occurs the following ejaculation: " Oh, what am I, Lord ! that thou shouldst thus magnify me so vile a man and miser(able) as always I have been ! *Is this thy wont, to send for such a wretch and an hypocrite as I have been, in a fiery chariot, as thou didst for Elias !*"—*Life of Bradford.*



EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

YE shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles ?

St. Matt. vii. 6.

I.



LORIOUS and rich are the trees of
the forest,

Bold is their bearing, and graceful
their form :

Sweetly they blend with the objects around
them ;

Sigh with the zephyr, and roar with the storm.

II.

Whether in cloister-like arches combining,
Whether like watch-towers they stand all
alone,—

Prompting devotion, or proffering shelter,
Each has a character wholly its own.

III.

Dear to philosophy stands forth the plane-tree,*
 Dear, too, the love-listening hawthorn to
 song; †
 Honour'd by Britain the oak—her own symbol—
 Ancient, unyielding, wide-spreading, and
 strong. ‡

IV.

Affluent, each, in its varied luxuriance,
 Truthful to Nature, whatever its lot;

* Plato and Cicero both loved the plane-tree (*platanus*): “Cur non imitatur, Crasse, Socratem illum qui est in Phædro Platonis? nam me hæc tua *platanus* admonuit, quæ non minus ad opacandum hunc locum patulis est diffusa ramis, quam illa, cujus umbram secutus est Socrates quæ mihi videtur non tam ipsa aquula, quæ describitur, quam Platonis oratione crevisse.”

CIC. *de Oratore*, 7; *Plat. Phædr.* 6.

† Who does not remember Burns's exquisitely beautiful allusion to

“The milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale?”
The Cotter's Saturday Night.

‡ Who has not also thrilled with patriotism at the allusion to the oak in our glorious national song of
 “Rule Britannia?”—

“Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
 As the loud blast that tears the skies
 Serves but to root thy native oak.”

Silently chiding the arts of the hypocrite,
Ever attempting to *seem* what he's not.

V.

Oh, how preposterous all his dissembling ;
Ne'er can the eye of Omniscience be foil'd ;
Leafy profession, and flowery pretension,
Shall by one breath of His wrath be despoil'd.

VI.

Fruit is the test which, alone, Heav'n regardeth ;
Foliage will not long shelter the head,
Where but false blossoms, and cancrous accretions,
Cover a heart all corrupted and dead.

VII.

Not of the volatile, not of the grovelling,
Ask we high thoughts, or expect we great
deeds ;
Sooner the fig-tree's ambrosial confection
Seek in the earth-cumb'ring thistle's wing'd
feeds.

VIII.

Not to the heart which ne'er bled for another,
Look we for sympathy's cordial divine ;
Sooner in thorns, all repulsive and selfish,
Seek for the gen'rous fruit of the vine.

IX.

Let gifted natures, however, remember,
Even the fig-tree was curf'd by its Lord ;
Nor can the vine, unengrafted, or fever'd,
Heav'n-approved, life-giving nectar afford.



NINTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THERE hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man : but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able ; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.—1 *Cor.* x. 13.

I.

WHEN rocks abrupt on every side,
Like evening shadows tall and grey,
The sun-bathed landscape seem'd to
hide,

And threaten to obstruct our way,—
How gladdening on the pilgrim's ear
Sound the first notes of succour near !

II.

If from the mountain's threatening height
Which seems his onward course to bar,
Glimmer some lowly cottage light,
As through dull mist some feeble star,—
The tiny twinkle leads him on,
Though every footprint long be gone.

III.

If then a friendly voice make known
Some path which skirts the mountain wild,

Sweeter than music seems the tone,
Though accent rude of peasant child :
How doth he listen, how confide
His hopes, his all, to stranger guide !

IV.

Yet oh, when One who cannot err,—
One merciful as He is wise—
Calls to the Christian traveller,
Succumbing 'neath life's miseries ;
And points his way, and proffers aid,
What doubts, what fears his heart invade !

V.

'Tis not enough that such a guide
Will not deceive, and cannot stray ;
That He hath lived, that He hath died,
To smoothe the path, and show the way ;
That thousands, who were wont to roam,
He hath conducted safely home.

VI.

Ah, faint and fearful, think again,
Nor lay thy staff down in despair ;
Not one of all that pilgrim-train,
Resting above from toil and care,
But struggled on as thou dost now,
With swelling heart, and throbbing brow.

VII.

Yet though they bow'd beneath their load,
And trembled oft on danger's brink,
Some voice still cheer'd them on the road,
Some outstretch'd hand forbade them sink :
When hope was on the altar bound
Some other sacrifice was found.

VIII.

Did clouds obscure and damp their fight,
Or waves submerge their path below ;
Those clouds became a fire by night,
Those waves a barrier from the foe :
Did some parch'd rock deride their thirst,
Forth from that rock a fountain burst.

IX.

Christian, thy battle-field of life
With monuments so thick is strown ;
That over every scene of strife
Thou thus may'st read the trophied stone :—
“ Fear not, though great the trial be,
Greater the aid vouchsafed to thee !” *

* “ Be of good cheer, brother,” said Ridley to Latimer when they embraced at the stake, “ for God will either assuage the fury of the flames, or else strengthen us to abide it.”

TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit.

1 Cor. XII. 4.

I.



AS I gazed on the clouds in confusion
 careering,
Which had darken'd and sadden'd
 a long summer day,
Lo, the sun, like a chief opportunely appearing,
 With his banner unfurl'd, bade the comba-
 tants stay !

II.

In the East shone a rainbow, a landscape defining,
 Such as artist ne'er painted, so bright and so
 fair ;
While a thousand sweet sounds seem'd in vesper
 combining,
And a fragrance, like incense, from earth,
 fill'd the air.

III.

In response sang the birds, and now warbled,
 now listen'd,
From the hay-mead, and bean-field fresh
 odours arose ;

And the lilies like tazzas of ivory glisten'd,
Or enfolded their long filken leaves in repose.

IV.

Then I sought for the source of the loveliness
round me,
And I ask'd in what form, or what hue, it
might dwell ;
In the tints of the glory-dipt arch which en-
crown'd me,
In the flower-shapes of vase, or of urn, or
of shell ?

V.

Soon the sweet voice of Nature replied to my
musing,—
' Ah, in vain to one form wouldst thou
beauty confine,
Which through limitless space is its essence dif-
fusing ;—
In the spirit of Beauty all fair forms combine.'

VI.

' The designs of Omnipotence ever are tending
To educe from diversity unity true ;
While, alas ! human policy always is bending
To a point, or a section, its circumscribed
view.'

VII.

Of the gifts that surround them men prize but
the rarer,
Though in concord divine all should mingle
and meet ;
E'en the dark cloud behind makes the landscape
seem fairer ;
E'en the rain-freshen'd sod makes the gale
seem more sweet.

VIII.

Ah, they know not their spirit—the vain, self-
careless,
Who would fain make *their* judgment sole
standard and test ;
Fill their own narrow fleece with the dew of
Heaven's blessing,
And in drought or neglect leave to perish the
rest.

IX.


When the billowy sounds from the organ are
surging,
And the flood seems each fine-sculptured
spandril to fill,
From the full choral tide, every discord sub-
merging,
Not a note can be spared, howe'er feeble
or shrill !

ELEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

EVERY one that exalteth himself shall be abased ;
and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

St. Luke XVIII. 14.

I.

 HE golden ear, best fill'd with grain,
Bows meekest tow'rds the earth ;
The lark that sings the loftiest strain
Least flights her place of birth :
Thus souls most rich in gifts divine
Will ever humblest be ;
And where heaven's dew the purest shine,
There's most humility.

II.

Those for whom thrones are set in heaven
Will choose earth's lowliest seat ;
Those to whom much has been forgiven
Will kiss their Master's feet :
The "loved disciple"—foe to pride—
His honour'd name suppress'd ;

Content his lowly head to hide
Upon his Saviour's breast.*

III.

Oh, could we see as angels see,
The plague-spots which we bear,
Man's pride would seem infanity,
His wisdom self-despair ;
Like Adam we should shrink from light,
And gladly seek some screen
From that dread eye, before whose sight
The heavens are not clean.

IV.

Should one all taint with leprosy
Into the temple rush,
And others less defiled than he
Back from the altar push ;—
Would not the worshippers be shock'd
At madness so profane,
And scarcely hope that Heav'n thus mock'd
Its lightnings would restrain ?

* The disciple Saint John, when he has occasion to refer to himself, does not mention his own name, but thus describes himself:—"Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of His disciples whom Jesus loved."

St. John XIII. 23. See also XX. 2 ; XXII. 20.

V.

Yet man, vain man, inflate with pride,
Lifts high his brow impure ;
Nor cares that loathsomeness to hide
His Saviour died to cure ;
Nay—blind to his own utter want
Of all that angels prize,
His spurious merits he can vaunt,
And brother man despise.

VI.

Oh, Thou of meek and lowly heart,
Fain would I learn of Thee ;
To me, oh Lamb of God, impart
Thine own humility :
Give me to view Thy drooping head
Bow'd down to earth for me ;
And all self-righteousness to dread
As thorns of mockery !



TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

HE hath done all things well.—*St. Mark* VII. 37.

I.



H, could we ope our dull, cold ears,
Oft would the notes of other spheres
Above earth's discords swell ;
One chorus through creation rolls—
E'en as the tide the waves controls—
“ He hath done all things well.”

II.

This was the burthen of the strain
Which peal'd along the heavenly plain,
And shook the gates of hell ;
When sang the morning stars on high,
And earth return'd the rhapsody,
“ He hath done all things well.”

III.

And when Time's pageantry is past,
And the Archangel's trumpet-blast
Shall sound earth's final knell,—

Then, then, shall shout the heavenly quire—
Drowning the groans of Nature's pyre—

“ He hath done all things well.”

IV.

Nor is this song the theme alone
Of spirits, who around the throne
In bliss immortal dwell ;
We too may sing, at least may sigh,—
For 'tis a human symphony—

“ He hath done all things well.”

V.

Nor only in soft moonlit bowers,
Or where earth strews her fairest flowers,
In some love-haunted dell,
Where Care hath never spread her wing,
May hearts suffused with pleasure sing,

“ He hath done all things well ; ”—

VI.

But even on the pallet scant,
Where sickness ministers to want,
And in the captive's cell ;
At graves where fondest hopes are laid,
Meek souls uncomplainingly have said,

“ He hath done all things well.”

VII.

'Tis hard, indeed, in penury,
To turn tow'ards heaven the tearless eye,
And anxious thoughts to quell ;

When doubt and darknes hedge our way,
 'Tis hard unfalteringly to say,
 “ He hath done all things well.”

VIII.

And harder still when earth neglects,
 And Heaven itself our prayer rejects,
 And broken seems life's spell ;
 When one by one hopes fade away,
 Like rainbow colours, then to say,
 “ He hath done all things well : ”

IX.

But patience, Time will break the seal,
 And many a hidden truth reveal,
 And many a doubt dispel ;
 And our loos'd tongues shall own with praise,
 As heaven's bright towers burst thro' the haze,
 “ He hath done all things well : ”


X.

Yes, oft by throwing treasures o'er,
 Our bark above the waves He bore ;
 Oft saved from tempests fell,
 By tearing our proud sails away ;
 Else had we ne'er escaped to say,
 “ He hath done all things well ! ”

THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

WHO is my neighbour?—*St. Luke x. 29.*

I.

HO is thy neighbour?—slight not
the question,
Deem it not frivolous, captious, or
vain ;

Time is fast hastening when for thine answer
Angels their silent attention shall strain :
Oh, in that hour, when myriads surround thee,
Vain 'twere a neighbour the first time to seek ;
One to bear witness how thou didst love him,
One of thy kindness, unpublish'd, to speak.

II.

Who is thy neighbour?—think not as hermits,
Each for himself, man was destined to live ;
One common fire design'd all his children
Mutual assistance to want, and to give :
There are two heaps, one joys, and one sorrows,
All may diffuse, for they lie at our door ;

If from the former each threw a fragment,
Half earth's corruptions were cover'd all
o'er.*

III.

Who is thy neighbour?—p'rhaps some afflicted
one,
Cast down by penury, sickness, or grief,
On the world's highway lying neglected;—
Oh, pass not by, nor refuse thy relief:
P'rhaps thou hast little which thou canst spare
him,
Yet canst thou bind up the wounds of his
heart;
Oil of compassion, wine of good comfort,
Brotherly sympathy, all can impart.

IV.

Who is thy neighbour?—p'rhaps 'tis some
lofty one,
Deem'd by the world all exempted from
cares;
Knew'st thou but half his dangers and trials,

* The Rev. John Newton observed one day, when adverting to the duties and trials of a clergyman in London, "I seem to see in this world two heaps, of human happiness and human misery: now if I can take but the smallest bit from one heap, and add it to the other, I carry a point."

‘ Who more than he,’ thou wouldst say,
 ‘ needs my prayers ? ’

High though he move, and radiant with sun-
 shine,

Narrow the bridge between this world and
 heaven ;

Dizzy the height, dismaying the cataract ;
 Pray that a clear head and firm foot be given.

V.

Who is thy neighbour ?—p’rhaps ’tis some
 vicious one,

Far from society’s sympathies moved ;

Spurn him not from thee, double thy kindness,
*Some had been saved had they known they were
 loved.*

Oh, were it thine, that lamb, sadly wand’ring,
 Back to the fold in thy bosom to bear,—

Think of thy bliss to hear the “ good shepherd ”
 Bid thee His joy, and His banquet to share !

VI.

Who is thy neighbour ?—p’rhaps ’tis some lowly
 one,

One whom conventional barriers, high,

Narrowing, darkening each social prospect,

Long may have hidden from sympathy’s eye :

How wilt thou blush when told that thy neighbour,

Him thou o'erlook'dst in thy search after pelf,
Him thou knew'st not, was one of Christ's little
ones,

Own'd by his Lord, and esteem'd as himself!



FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, give unto us the increase of faith, hope, and charity.

Collect for the Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

I.



H for Faith, with eagle eye
Ever fix'd upon the sky,
Ever piercing through the clouds
With which earth her face enshrouds,
Ever viewing things as seen
Where no space can intervene ;
Where the past and future blend,
As by seer ecstatic kenn'd :—

II.

Then Thy promises, oh God,
Would shine forth as seal'd with blood,
And Thy menaces of ire
Traced in flames of quenchless fire ;
Then each object we should see
Lighted by Eternity ;
Nor, as now, the truth exclude,
Through a glass inversely view'd.

III.

Oh for Hope, with brow serene,
On her anchor wont to lean,
While her soft, blue, trembling eye
Mirrors Heaven desiringly ;
Steadfast though the vessel rock,
Fearless of the tempest's shock,
Only longing for that shore
Where the storms of Time are o'er :—

IV.

Then to court such short-lived bliss
As may gild a world like this,
Or to tremble at each woe
Which its transient shade may throw,
Would to heaven-bound souls appear
Vain as toil of mariner,
Who should count each swelling wave
That his vessel's side might lave.

V.

Oh for Love, with sweetest smile,
Free from malice, free from guile,
Free from human pride and scorn,
Bright and pure as breath of morn ;
Kindled at heaven's golden shrine,
Resting on the cross benign,
Glancing through the mists of woe
And encircling all below :—

VI.

Then should we hail Heaven's behests
As affection's surest tests ;
Glad, like lovers true, to prove
By self-sacrifice our love ;
Then in each redeemèd face
Kindred features we should trace ;
And the barriers of pride
Man from man would cease to hide.

VII.

Holy Father, hear our prayer,—
' Faith, Hope, Love, Thine handmaids are ;
Bid them while we wander here
Ever round us minister ;
Faith revealing things to come,
Hope foreshadowing our home,
Love preparing us to dwell
In Thy bliss ineffable ! '



FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

BEHOLD the fowls of the air : for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns ; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they ?—*St. Matt. vi. 26.*

I.



H, were the load of human sorrow
 Reduced to *present* ills alone,
 Did no misgivings for the morrow
 Lend this day troubles not its own,—
 Our heaviest burdens would be lighten'd,
 The scales of doubt would leave the eye ;
 The hemisphere of life be brighten'd,
 And all its gloomiest clouds sweep by.

II.

But, ah, the future and uncertain
 From present bliss obscure the view ;
 And fear draws round so dark a curtain
 That hope itself can scarce gleam through :
 Oh, is it childlike, is it duteous,
 Thus to distrust a Father's love ;
 And throw around a world so beauteous
 A pall which hides the sun above ?

III.

We cannot doubt the power resistless
Which fill'd the widow's cruise with oil ;
And bade the ravens, fierce and listless,
To feed a hungry prophet toil.
That power must be all doubt-defying,
Which tables in the desert spread ;
And food, with guests, still multiplying,
Fed thousands on redundant bread.

IV.

But what need we unfailing cruises,
Or loaves of still unlesseing bread ?—
When wide as air itself diffuses,
The truth miraculous is spread :—
“ Thy hand Thou openest, ever gracious,
And all things are with plenty fill'd ;
The restless lion's roar rapacious,
And lonely sea-bird's scream are still'd !”

V.

Think ye whose timid hearts are quaking
Left your small pittance be denied,—
Think of a world each morning waking,
With all its wants to be supplied :
Think of the city's crowded alleys,
With helpless destitution rife ;
Nay, think of earth's ten thousand valleys,
Instinct with every form of life !

VI.

Think too of air, so vast and shoreless,
And of the deep unfathom'd sea ;
With all the beings thriftless, storeless,
Which swarm and crowd infinity ;
Then think—"Of all these countless numbers,
Each has its wants and appetite ;
And He who neither sleeps nor slumbers
Feeds all with the returning light !"

VII.

Say then, shall He whose eye, all-seeing,
Marks every wing that flits through air,
O'erlook, alone, the helpless being
He deems most worthy of His care ;
For whose necessity and pleasure,
All things were made, and all things done ;
From whom His love, that knows no measure,
Hath not withheld His only Son !



SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Now when Jesus came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow ; and much people of the city was with her. And when the Lord saw her, He had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not. And He came and touched the bier : and they that bare him stood still. And He said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And He delivered him to his mother.

St. Luke VII. 12-15.

I.

BORTH through the gloomy city gate,
A dead man on his bier is borne ;
Amid the crowd that round him wait,
One widow seems alone to mourn ;
Her heart so crush'd, she scarce moves on,
For, oh, she weeps an only son.

II.

Knows none of all that sable train
To staunch a widow'd mother's tear ?
In sorrow's hour is all so vain,
Deem'd in prosperity so dear ?

Ah, yes, but one that wound can heal—
A God to act, a man to feel !

III.

And see, He comes, unknown, unfought ;
 Compassion beaming in His eyes,
Whispers that drooping heart, “ Weep not ; ”--
 And bids the prostrate corpse, “ Arise : ”
Oh, at that voice it boots not say
That death and sorrow flee away !

IV.

Jesus, when wandering here below,
 Though conscious of His power to save,
Thrill'd at the touch of human woe,
 And o'er the unretentive grave
Of Lazarus bent, with tearful eye,
So perfect was His sympathy.

V.

Nor doth He change—but still on high,
 Where death and sorrow are unknown,
The ills of poor mortality
 He knows, and feels, as if His own ;
And human flesh, and earthly sense,
No more becloud Omnipotence.

VI.

Oft when the tear flows silently,
 O'er life's long-cherish'd plans deranged,

Or pleasures fled with days gone by,
Or hearts by adverse fates estranged ;—
He'll whisper to the musing thought,
“ Earth-clinging spirit, oh, weep not !

VII.

Oft when we follow, bow'd with grief,
Our heart's best treasures to the grave,
And all we trusted for relief,
Shows but its impotence to save,—
He'll touch the bier of Hope when slain,
And, lo ! it starts to life again.

VIII.

When we go weeping on our way,
Like David over Kedron's brook ;
When aims and counsels go astray,
Like sheep without the shepherd's crook ;—
Oh then, invoked, He'll join our side,
Our foes confound, our footsteps guide.

IX.

When tangling cares the soul depress,
That scarce one glance she lifts above,
But, craving some far wilderness,
Sighs for the pinions of a dove ;
Far fleetier wings will He supply,
And bear her to a calmer sky !

SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

WITH all lowliness and meekness, with longsuffering, forbearing one another in love; endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

Ephes. IV. 2, 3.

I.



STOOD on the shore of the far-
founding sea

And watch'd the wild waves roll in
disport and glee;

The sun brightly glanced from their dark azure
breasts,

And the breeze lightly danced o'er their feathery
crests.

II.

They raced, and they jostled each other in play,
And merrily march'd on their limitless way;

The nearer their bourne more their ardour
increased,

Like school-boys from dures and thraldom
released.

III.

Some clamber'd the rocks, and thence leapt to
the earth,
As 'twere 'mid explosions of riotous mirth ;
Some ran up the creeks, and there whiten'd the
sands,
While the smooth-pebbles hiss'd and the floods
clapp'd their hands.

IV.

The fight was refreshing, and strange 'twas to
see
How each shaped its progress, distinctive and
free ;
Though various their motions, the same was
their goal,—
One tide, like one spirit, constraining the whole.

V.

I thought, as I noticed what harmony reign'd,
What order the myriad-voiced chorus restrain'd,
How blissful, how beautiful, earth too might be,
Were heart bound to heart in such unity !

VI.

Let minds be as free and unfetter'd as waves,
Self-acting, forbearing, nor masters, nor slaves ;
Not seeking in uniform dulness to move,
But stirr'd by one strong under-current of love.

VII.

'Tis true some proud wave here and there
 rear'd its crest,
 Outshining, and even absorbing the rest ;
 But ever the wave which sought thus too'erreach
 Was surest to burst ere it gain'd the far beach.

VIII.

The loftier billow would toss its wild spray,
 A poor, airy nothing, in face of the day ;
 But the lowlier wave, with a more grateful hand,
 Laid its tribute of shells, or of gems, on the sand.

IX.

Lord, grant me, all lowly and meekly, to see
 That souls by truth disciplined still should be
 free ;
 Though seemingly adverse the gifts they inherit,
 In peace they may blend if controll'd by one
 spirit.



EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

WAITING for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.
1 Cor. i. 7.

I.



HE minute gun had ceased its mid-
night boom,
Unheard amid the thunder's louder
crash ;

The signal-rocket no more broke the gloom,
To mix unheeded with the lightning's flash.

II.

The shatter'd vessel, with its freight of life,
Drifted in darkness near the rocky coasts ;
Helpless amid the billows' savage strife,
As childhood wandering 'twixt embattled
hosts.

III.

Who can the agony of hope pourtray,
Which rack'd the sailors' bosoms that long
night ;
Watching and waiting for the break of day,
As though life hung upon the morning light ?

IV.

Or who their transport, when the sun's bright
arch,

Like heaven's unfolding portals wider shone;
And crimson clouds, like banner'd troops on
march,

Usher'd that glory none might gaze upon?

V.

The fierce winds curb'd their rage as darkness
fled,

The haughty billows bow'd their foamy crest;
And calmly into port the vessel sped,

Through waves which mirror'd heaven upon
their breasts.

VI.

As long'd those sailors for the morning dawn,

Straining their eyes the earliest gleam to catch;
Their hearts, their hopes, their all towards it
drawn,—

So for Christ's advent should the Christian
watch.

VII.

Oh, what an advent *that*—when this long night

Of doubt and danger will have pass'd away,
When darkness shall no more obscure the sight,
But light and gladness shed perpetual day.

VIII.

Till then to wait with patient hope be ours,
Thankful the future is not all conceal'd :
But, oh, 'twould paralyse our finite powers
Were its full glory now to be reveal'd.



NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THAT ye put off concerning the former conversation the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts; and be renewed in the spirit of your mind; and that ye put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness.—*Ephes.* IV. 22-24.

I.



BENEATH an aged beech I lay,
Whose trunk, deform'd and
twisted,
Writhing and stretching tow'ards the day,
Despite six centuries' decay,
Still with corruption trysted.

II.

With many a scar and wrinkle rife,
It stood like warrior hoary;
And gnarl'd contortions mark'd the strife
Betwixt the powers of death and life,
And told of bygone glory.

III.

Despite its heart-corroding foe,
Its canc'rous bark outswelling
It rose sublimely from below,

A shadow from the heat to throw,
Its head in sunshine dwelling.

IV.

I thought, as I beheld this tree
Its healthy limbs detaching,
Thus should we ever struggling be,
From earth's corruptions to get free,
Thus at heaven's sun-beams catching.

V.

Purging our hearts from all deceit,
All selfishness expelling,
Leaving the world beneath our feet,
Yet with affection's genial heat
In sympathy still dwelling.

VI.

Though joys like leaves be swept away,
And hopes, all blighted, perish,
Yet be it ours, from day to day,
For Heaven's renewing grace to pray,
Our inner life to cherish.*

* This poem was suggested by a visit to the Burnham beeches.

TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

MAKING melody in your heart to the Lord.

Ephes. v. 19.

I.



HERE'S music, Nature, in thy every
motion ;
The foughing forest, and the whif-
pering tree,
The tinkling brooklet, and the roaring ocean,
Though speechless all, are full of melody.

II.

How then shall I describe the myriad voices
With which the echoing valleys ceaseless ring ;
Or tell how heaven in harmony rejoices,
Where there is music in a seraph's wing ?

III.

Shall man alone be mute, to whom is given
A world with music and with beauty fill'd,
And powers and feelings not unmeet for heaven,
Though for awhile by sin and sorrow chill'd ?

IV.

To whom is given—but why attempt a story,
Which life itself would leave but scarce
begun?—

Suffice it that from man the Lord of Glory
Hath not withheld His Son, His only Son!

V.

Should man remain all silent and ungrateful,
To whom e'en brighter hopes than gifts
belong,
Nature, methinks, would crush a thing so hateful,
And rocks and mountains break forth into
song.

VI.

What is more odious than a murmuring spirit,
Ever repining, to a bounteous lord?
And shall we Heaven's most precious gifts
inherit,
Nor bless the hand which hath our garner
stored?

VII.

Is there a wrong by parent more resented
Than that a child should seem his love to
spurn;
Ever complaining, ever discontented,
Still, still receive, but yet no thanks return?

VIII.

Away with those who deem that to be holy
 Is ever to be dull, demure, and sad ;—
 Religion should expel all melancholy,
 And make the heart, despite of fortune, glad.

IX.

Religion is the concert of creation,
 The harmony of noblest faculties ;
 And life is but one act of adoration,
 Where highest powers have fullest exercise.

X.

The prayers of Jesse's son are long since ended,
 His faith and hope lost in fruition's fires ;
 But many a thousand years his praise has blended,
 And still shall blend, with notes of angels'
 lyres.

XI.

Oh, Thou who bidd'st Thy saints rejoice before
 Thee,*
 Delighting their prosperity to see,
 Teach, teach me, Lord, how I may best adore
 Thee,
 And fill my heart with heavenly melody.

* Leviticus, chaps. xvi. xxvi.

TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

WHEREFORE take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.—*Ephes. vi. 15.*

I.



HOW hard it is for us to feel
We're in the foeman's land,
Where every arm or points the steel,
Or waves the fiery brand ;
Where round us throng supernal pow'rs,
With whom 'twere vain to hope
In unassisted might like ours
Successfully to cope.

II.

Unmeet the conflict to abide,
We long had bit the dust,
Had not our Leader's wounded side
Received the deadly thrust :
Yet in the fight of ferried ranks,
Where myriad weapons gleam,
We leave our garments on the banks,
And plunge in pleasure's stream.

III.

And if the sun strike fierce and hot,
Or if the path prove steep,
We turn to some cool cave or grot,
And lay us down and sleep ;
We throw aside our spear and cruise,
Nor heed the foe's advance ;
And idly slumbering we lose
Our hope and sustenance.

IV.

Forgetful that through toils and strife—
A weary march at best—
We must dispute each step of life
Ere we can gain our rest ;—
Let some few flowers but charm our eyes,
Some glistening pool, or dell,
The tent must fall, the palace rise,
The pool become a well.

V.

Ah, think, before it be too late,
'Tis all beleaguer'd ground,
And soon will one o'erwhelming fate
Its habitants confound :
Rise to the strife, oh, soul inert !
Thy every power address,
With truth uncompromising girt,
And arm'd with righteousness.

VI.

Boldly life's thorns beneath thee press ;
Thy feet, divinely shod,
Shall find this briery wilderness
Soft as the church-yard sod :
Faith's heaven-reflecting shield advance,
The hurtling storm to break ;
Hell's fiery darts shall harmless glance
As star-beams from the lake.

VII.

Bind on thy brow salvation's helm,
Pointing its crest above ;
The strokes which else might overwhelm
Its temper shall but prove :
Then boldly draw thy sword divine,
And cast away the sheath ;
Assured the victory is thine,
Though Death award the wreath.



TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY
AFTER TRINITY.

AND this I pray, brethren, that your love may abound
yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment.

Phil. i. 9.

I.



FAST fades the year—with fierce and
stern delight
Autumnal gales have heap'd the
shore with wrecks ;
Like passion gathering its collected might
For one great effort, ere it cease to vex.

II.

A calm succeeds, like that of summer eves,
And deep blue skies, like those of spring-tide
morn ;
A stillness, broken but by whirling leaves,
Strewing the couch for Winter's birth forlorn.*

* At the latter end of October there is generally a short season, extending to about ten days, of calm and beautiful weather ; which, from the period at which it occurs, is called St. Luke's little summer.

III.

It is a season to reflection dear,
An interval, as 'twere, 'twixt age and youth;
Design'd at once to chasten, and to cheer,
As past and future blend in sober truth.

IV.

Here would I cast a retrospective glance,
As summers pass, and winters onward roll,
And pause to ask, "Do *I* with Time advance,
And am I nearer my celestial goal?"

V.

"Does faith strike deeper as her roots grow old;
Does hope each day in clearer views rejoice;
Am I less selfish, is my love less cold;
And does experience more confirm my
choice?"

VI.

"Shall wedded hearts with each advancing year
In mutual confidence more loving grow,—
And shall not grateful memory endear
The hand whose gifts have never ceased to
flow?"

VII.

"That hand, dear Lord, hath led me to this hour,
Therefore I trust and will not be afraid,
Though wintry storms and darkness round me
lower,
And death projects an ever-lengthening shade.

VIII.

“ What though the blasts of winter tear away
The leaves which shelter'd once the genial
nest,—
We are but taught by th' intrusive ray
To seek in brighter climes securer rest ! ”



TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

FOR our conversation is in heaven ; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ ; who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself.

Phil. III. 20, 21.

I.



WHEN bathed in heaven's glory, all
radiant and glistening,
Our Lord with Elias and Moses
conversed,
His favour'd disciples, who might have been
listening,
Were pow'rless the fetters of slumber to
burst : *
So fast did the coils of mortality bind them,
Of Tabor's bright vision they scarce caught
a glow,
Ere call'd to remix with the crowd left behind
them,
And strive with the spirits of darkness below.

* St. Luke ix. 32.

II.

Alas, it is thus with the holiest mortals,—
Too, too unfamiliar with unreveal'd things,
Their spirits can scarce reach the heavenly
 portals,
Ere wearily languish their earth-cumber'd
 wings :
Yet happy e'en they whose sublimer affections
Maintain such sweet converse, how transient
 foe'er ;
They catch, and they bring down, celestial
 reflections
To mammon's idolatrous worshippers here.

III.

Then be not dishearten'd, if *here* it is given,—
Where frailty so close to mortality clings,—
To hold, despite earth, conversation in heaven,
Upborne, though but feebly, on faith's
 flagging wings,—
Soon He who o'er death and the grave was
 victorious,
Shall change these vile bodies, and mould
 them afresh ;
That, fashion'd like His, bright, ethereal, and
 glorious,
The spirit shall scorn the obstructions of
 flesh.

IV.

No more shall care's wrinkles, or passion's
contortions,

Then furrow the brow, or o'ershadow the face ;
No more shall infirmity mar its proportions,

But all shall be symmetry, beauty, and grace :
Each faculty then shall respond to volition,

As answers the lyre to the master's light hand ;
And truth stand reveal'd to the mind's intuition,
As touch'd by the gleam of Ithuriel's wand.

V.

Their life shall be love and ecstatic devotion,
New powers and new feelings distending
their breasts ;

With wings never weary, and effortless motion,
'Mid seraphs fulfilling their Maker's behests :
Now, haply, through systems invisible ranging,
Now, trilling their harps at the foot of the
throne ;

Their bliss and their holiness only unchanging,
And sin and satiety ever unknown.

VI.

If when the first martyr, his gaze upward turning,
By rapt contemplation caught glimmerings
of heaven,

His face like a mirror of glory seem'd burning,
So bright was the reflex those glimmerings
had given ;—

Oh, think, if one ray from those half-open'd
portals

Could kindle the features of death at a glance,
What change unimagined awaits those immortals
Who ever from glory to glory advance !

VII.

E'en sunbeams have virtue, gross matter refining,
To lift into light and wing'd beauty the worm ;
And, on the rough leaf, or the rugged root,
shining,

Evolve the sweet flow'ret's half spiritual form ;
Who then shall describe how the soul, ever
viewing,

And basking in, rays of that *Uncreate Sun*,
Shall daily grow brighter, its image renewing,
Till merged in its splendour their glory seems
one !



TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

O LORD, we beseech Thee absolve Thy people from their offences; that through Thy bountiful goodness we may be delivered from the bands of those sins which by our frailty we have committed.

Collect for the Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.

I.



H, there is something calm and holy
In autumn's rich but fading hues;
They shed a soothing melancholy,
And thoughts of peace and rest infuse:
The trees in whispers seem to say,
"Fruits will survive—though leaves decay."

II.

Strange, then, to him who early wanders,
Before the sparkling frost dissolves,
To mark, where'er his path meanders,
A silken net his steps involves—
A filagree in secret wrought,
A web Penelope ne'er taught.*

* "The spider's most attenuated thread."—YOUNG.

III.

These gossamers each leaf entwining,
 These silver'd cords from bough to bough,
 Seen only when the sun is shining,
 But woven none knows when, or how,
 Show that a thousand ties connect
 Remotest things we ne'er suspect.

IV.

Oh yes, there is no separation,
 No self-dependence 'neath the skies ;
 But each to all bears close relation,
 Bound by innumerable sympathies,—
 Which, though than gossamer more fine,
 More strong than adamant combine.

V.

From truth's deep well it hath been mutter'd
 By those who thence can highest see,*—
 That every syllable once utter'd
 Is register'd, effacelessly,
 By changes wrought in air and earth
 From the first impulse of its birth.†

* The Egyptians are said to have been able to see the stars in the day-time, notwithstanding an almost vertical sun, from the bottoms of wells, from which they made their astronomical observations.

† “ The pulsations of the air, once set in motion by the human voice, cease not to exist with the sounds to

VI.

If such the laws of things material,
If *their* dull natures thus entwine,—
Oh, how must beings all ethereal
In subtler, stronger, bonds combine !
Yes, not a thought, though unexpress'd,
But leaves its impress on the breast !

which they gave rise. Strong and audible as they may be in the immediate neighbourhood of the speaker, and at the immediate moment of utterance, their quickly attenuated force soon becomes inaudible to human ears. The motions they have impressed on the particles of one portion of our atmosphere are communicated to constantly increasing numbers, but the total quantity of motion measured in the same direction receives no addition. Each atom loses as much as it gives, and regains again from other atoms a portion of those motions which they in turn give up.

“ The waves of the air thus raised, perambulate the earth and ocean’s surface, and in less than twenty-four hours every atom of its atmosphere takes up the altered movement due to that infinitesimal portion of the primitive motion, which has been conveyed to it through countless channels, and which must continue to influence its path throughout its future existence.

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“ Thus considered, what a strange chaos is the wide atmosphere we breathe ! Every atom, impressed with good and with ill, retains at once the motions which philosophers and sages have imparted to it, mixed and combined in ten thousand ways with all that is worthless and base. The air itself is one vast library, on whose pages are for

VII.

Action and thought are link'd together,
 By an indissoluble chain ;
 And, though invisible the tether,
 Naught is resultless, naught is vain :
 Effects unknown, and unforecast,
 Remotest ages shall unfold.

VIII.

None can recall the word once spoken,
 It moulds the future character ;
 The sculptor's chisel may be broken,
 But still the touch, the form is there :
 Through endless links, unknown to sense,
 Survives and acts our influence.

IX.

Yon foul o'er ruin's brink now leaning,
 Watching the boiling surge below,

ever written all that man has said or woman whispered. There, in their immutable but unerring characters, mixed with the earliest as well as with the latest signs of mortality, stand, for ever recorded, vows unredeemed, promises unfulfilled, perpetuating, in the united movements of each particle, the testimony of man's changeful will."

BABBAGE'S *Bridge-water Treatise*, pp. 108, 112.

" La course décrite par une simple molécule d'air ou vapeur est réglée d'une manière aussi certain que les orbites planétaires : il n'y a de différence entre elles, que celle qu'y met notre ignorance."

LA PLACE, *Théorie Analytique*, &c. Int. p. 4.

May, after ages intervening,
Cite thee as author of its woe :
Some idle scoff, forgot by thee,
Hath fix'd that spirit's destiny.

X.

Oh, Thou who only canst dis sever
The bands which sin and death unite—
Who know'st the coils, which, strengthening
ever,
Clog and impede the spirit's might—
Remove, as far as East from West,
The snares which thus our paths invest !



TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.

STIR up, we beseech Thee, O Lord, the wills of Thy people.—*Collect for the Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.*

This is His name whereby He shall be called, THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.—*Jeremiah XXIII. 6.*

I.



SWIFTLY flows the stream of Time,
In its onward course sublime,
Towards Eternity ;

Every moment brings us nearer,
And the distant boom sounds clearer
Of that unknown sea.

II.

Not one drop can e'er return
To rejoin its parent urn,
Onward, onward flowing,
What seem'd erst a playful rill,
Deep, and dark, and deeper still,
And more turbid growing.

III.

All things change upon the shore,
Friends now wave their hands no more,
 Who beheld our starting :
Things too change which changeless seem,
Twice we see not the same stream,
 Which our keel is parting.

IV.

Yet though perilous our course,
E'en beyond an angel's force
 Scathelessly to steer us,
On we glide, nor heed where bound,
Reefs and rapids gathering round,
 Wrecks and ruins near us.

V.

On the deck we listless lie,
Lessening landmarks hurrying by,
 As in terror fleeing ;
Idly slumbering near that deep
Where but He might safely sleep
 Who first gave it being.

VI.

Stir us up, Lord, we beseech Thee,
While the outstretch'd arm can reach Thee,
 And avert our doom ;
Ere we touch that sea whose waves

Will prove earth's and ocean's graves,
And all nature's tomb.

VII.

Bid us leave our pinnacle frail,
And that gallant vessel hail,
Whose bright red-cross streamer,
At the signal of distress,
Waves, "The Lord our Righteousness,
Israel's Redeemer."





APPENDIX.

A HARVEST HYMN.

I.

LORD of the golden harvest,
Whose sunshine and whose rain
Have fill'd our teeming garner
With sheaves of precious grain ;
We now rejoice before Thee,
And grateful voices raise,
While young and old adore Thee
And wave the sheaf of praise.

II.

Bright as the bow of promise
Shines forth Thy word full sure,
That seed-time and that harvest
Shall through all time endure ;
Therefore, in Thee still hoping,
Our joyful hearts shall raise
Above the rainbow's coping
The wave-offering of praise.

III.

Thou once didst walk our corn-fields,
And mark the rustling grain ;
And now Thou hold'st the fountains
Of late and early rain :

In Thee the field rejoices,
The pastures shout Thy praise,
And we, with myriad voices,
The glad thank-offering raise.

IV.

The mildew hath not blighted ;
The lightning, and the hail,
Have left unscathed our furrows,
Nor bid our labours fail ;
For Thou, in love and pity,
With sleepless eye dost watch,
Alike o'er crowded city,
And lonely cottage thatch.

V.

To that unflinching goodness,
Which ne'er forgets the dust
Where sleeps the mouldering corn-grain,
We, Lord, ourselves would trust ;
That when the angel-reapers
With harvest sickle come,
Thy new-awaken'd sleepers
May, safe, be garner'd home.

FINIS.

Muskegon 20th
Jan 1904



